THE
STOLEN HEIRESS
OR THE
Salamanca Doctor Outplotted.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the New Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

BY

Her Majesties Servants.

Nihil dictum quod non ante dictum.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Turner* at the Angel at *Lincolns-Inn-Back-Gate*, and *John Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall*. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

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To the Honourable

Sir *STAFFORD FAIRBORN*,

Rear Admiral of the White.

SIR,

IF our Laws and Liberties be dear to us, how much are we indebted to those by whom they are secured, and 'tis the duty of every grateful person in some measure to pay their acknowment, to such whose Care and Courage protects them from the rude insults of Arbitrary Power, among which none is more Conspicuous than your self.

What you have done for *England*'s safety shows the great Stock from whence you sprung, your Noble Father, whose Glorious Actions will to Posterity record his Name, whilst you, his Son, pursue his Glorious steps, and guard your Country from invading Foes, a subject for Encomiums from our ablest Pens, for what can like Poetry preserve a brave Man's Fame, the greatest Conquerour the World

e're knew, but for that had in Oblivion ſlept; and the *Grecian* Hero receiv'd more laſting Glory from the blind Bards Immortal Lines, than did *Egyptian* Monarchs, whoſe infatiate thirſt for eternal Fame errected Piramids of prodigious bulk, ſtrong and durable, as they thought the World it ſelf. Yet theſe, and Statues too of Stone and Braſs are now devour'd by the Iron teeth of Time, and not ſo much as the Founders Name left undefac'd, but Poets give eternal life to great Exploits, which thro variety of Languages gain univerſal Praiſe.

I am proud to be the firſt that in this kind have laid an Offering at your Feet, thereby ſhewing our greateſt wits a ſubject worthy their ſublimeſt thoughts, for tho the Poet makes the Verſe, 'tis the Hero makes the Poet.

Your Conduct, Bravery and Succeſs at Sea ſhows you were born for War, and juſtly choſen to Command a Fleet, that does Command the World, yet is not your Courage more terrible to your Enemies abroad than your courteous affability, and obliging condeſcention is charming to your friends at home.

The Muſe ſtill ſtudies to pay her earlieſt tribute to the moſt deſerving, and in all her ſearch, where can ſhe find Merit more than yours, alured by theſe thoughts ſhe Courts your Protection, a Protection that wou'd make even Cowards looſe their Fear, and by your bright Example ſtraight grow Valiant, you'l excuſe I hope, Sir, the zeal that hurried me

on to make this small Essay in your Praise, and my Countries Honour, 'tis daring I confess in one who is unqualified for a Theme so ample: But fear being a Vice you ever hated, I may presume to be more easily pardon'd for this bold attempt, and allow'd to lay hold of this opportunity of declaring to the World how much I am,

SIR,

Your Most Faithfull,

Most Obedient,

And most Humble Servant.

PRO-

A SONG designed to be Sung by Mr. Dogget.

THE Man you Ladies ought to fear,
Behold and see his Picture here,
With Arms a croſs and down caſt Eyes
Thus languiſhes, and thus he dies,
Then gives his Hat a careleſs pull,
Thus he ſighs, and thus looks dull,
Thus he ogles, thus he ſnears,
Thus he winks, and thus he leers.
This, this, is he alone can move,
And this the Man the Ladies love.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. PRINCE.

OUr Author fearing his ſucceſs to day,
Sends me to bribe your Spleen againſt his Play;
And if a Ghoſt in Nelly's *time cou'd ſooth ye,*
He hopes in theſe that Fleſh and Blood may move ye.
Nay, what is more, to win your hearts, a Maid!
If ever ſuch a thing the Play-Houſe had.
For cold and ſhade the waxen Bloſſom's born,
Not to endure the Regions of the Sun,
Let every Beau then his applauſe begin,
And think the rarity was born for him:
Your true bred Knights for fancy'd Dames advance,
And think it Gallantry to break a Launce,
And ſhall a real Damſel e're be found
To plead her Cauſe in vain on Engliſh *ground,*
Unleſs that dreadful Prophecy's began,
In which Seven Women are to ſhare——one Man!
But thanks my Stars, that danger I diſown,
For in the Pit, I ſee 'tis——one — to one.
And while the Fair can all their rights enjoy,
We'll keep our Title up to being Coy,
So let your Praiſe be noiſy as your Wine,
And grant your Favours, if you'd purchaſe mine.

Dramatis Personæ.

Governour	Of *Palermo.*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Count Pirro	Nephew to the Governour.	Mr. *Griffith.*
Gravello	A *Sicilian* Lord Father to *Lucasia.*	Mr. *Freeman.*
Larich	His Brother.	Mr. *Fieldhouse.*
Lord Euphenes	An old *Secilian* General.	Mr. *Arnold.*
Palante	Son to *Euphenes* but unknown in Love with *Lucasia.*	Mr. *Powel.*
Clerimont	His Friend.	Mr. *Baile.*
Eugenio	Son to *Gravello* in disguise under the name of *Irus.*	Mr. *Booth.*
Alphonso	Formerly an Officer under *Euphenes.*	Mr. *Knap.*
Francisco	In Love with *Lavinia.*	Mr. *Pack.*
Sancho	A Pedant bred at *Salamanca,* designed by *Larich* a Husband for *Lavinia.*	Mr. *Dogget.*
Tristram	His Man.	Mr. *Lee.*
Rosco	Servant to *Count Gravello.*	Mr. *Bright.*

WOMEN.

Lucasia.	Daughter to *Gravello,* in Love with *Palante.*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Lavinia	Daughter to *Larich,* in Love with *Francisco.*	Mrs. *Prince.*
Laura	Woman to *Lucasia.*	Mrs. *Lawson.*

The SCENE *Palermo.*

THE HEIRESS:

OR, THE *Salamanca* DOCTOR Out-plotted.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Count Grovello *and* Rosco.

Gra. ROsco!

Rosco. My Lord.

Gra. Hast thou divulg'd the News that my Son died at *Rome*?

Rosco. Yes, my Lord, with every Circumstance, the Time, the Place, and manner of his Death; that 'tis believed, and

told for truth with as much confidence, as they had been Spectators of his End.

Gra. That's well, that's very well, now *Roſco* follows my part, I muſt expreſs a moſt unuſual grief, not like a well-left Heir for his dead Father, or a luſty Widdow for an old decripit Husband; no, I muſt counterfeit in a far deeper ſtrain; weep like a Parent for an only Son: Is not this a hard task? Ha, *Roſco*?

Roſco. Ah, no, my Lord, not for your Skill; in your Youth your Lordſhip ſaw Plays, convers'd with Players, knew the fam'd *Alberto.*

Gra. 'Tis true, by Heav'n, I have ſeen that Knave paint Grief in ſuch a lively colour, that for falſe and acted Paſſion he has drawn true Tears, the Ladies kept time with his Sighs, and wept to his ſad Accents as he had truly been the Man he ſeem'd, then I'll try my part, thou has't ſtill been privy to my Boſom; ſecrets know'ſt Wealth, and Ambition are the Darlings of my Soul; nor will I leave a Stratagem uneſſay'd to raiſe my Family. My Son is well and ſafe, but by Command from me he returns not this three Months. My Daughter, my *Lucaſia*, is my only care, and to advance her Fortune, have I fram'd this Project; how doſt like it *Roſco*, ha!

Roſco. Rarely, my Lord, my Lady will be now ſuppos'd the Heir to all your vaſt Revenues, and peſter'd with more Suitors than the *Grecian* Queen, in the long abſence of her Lord. You'll have the Dons, Lords and Dukes ſwarm about your Houſe like Bees.

Gra. My aim is fixt at the Rich and Great, he that has Wealth enough, yet longs for more, Count *Pirro*, the Governour's Heir and Nephew, that rich Lord that knows no end of his large Fortunes, yet ſtill gapes on, for Gold is a ſure Bait to gain him, no other Loadſtone can attrack his iron heart, 'tis proof againſt the force of Beauty, elſe I ſhould not need this Stratagem, for Nature has not prov'd a Nigard to my Daughter.

Roſco.

Roſco. To him, I'm ſure, ſhe's play'd the Step-Dame, I much fear *Lucaſia* will not reliſh ſuch a Match.

Gra. Ha! not reliſh it! has ſhe any other Taſt but mine, or ſhall ſhe dare to wiſh ought that may contradict my purpoſe—But hold, perhaps you know how ſhe's inclin'd, you may be Confederate with her, and manage her Intreagues with that Begger *Palante*, who is only by Lord *Exphane's* bounty, my mortal Enemies, kept from ſtarving.

Roſ. Who I, my good Lord? Heav'n knows, I have learnt by your Lordſhip's Example, always to hate the Poor, and like the Courtier, never to do ought without a Bribe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, Count *Pirro*, to wait upon your Lordſhip.

Gra. Conduct him in. [*Exit* Serv.] Now *Roſco*, to my Couch; if my Plot takes, I'm a happy Man.

Enter Count Pirro.

Pirro. Is your Lord aſleep?

Roſ. I think not, my Lord, but thus he lies, Heav'n knows when this grief will end— My Lord, my Lord, the Count of *Pirro.*

Gra. I pray your Lordſhip pardon me, at this time I'm not fit to entertain Perſons of your Worth.

Pir. Alaſs! my Lord, I know your grief.

Roſ. Ay, 'twas that brought his good Lordſhip hither.

Pirro. You have loſt a worthy, and a hopeful Son, but Heav'n that always gives, will ſometimes take, and there is no Balſam left to cure theſe Wounds but patience; there's no diſputing with it, yet if there were, in what could you ac-

cuſe thoſe Pow'rs, that elſe have been ſo liberal to you, and left you yet to bleſs your Age a beauteous Daughter.

Roſ. Now it begins to work, (*aſide.*)

Pirro. Your Blood is not Extinct, nor are you Childleſs, Sir, from that fair Branch may come much fruit to glad poſterity; think on this, my Lord.

Gra. I know I ſhould not repine, my Lord, but nature will prevail, I cannot help reflecting on my Loſs; alas, my Lord, you know not what it is to loſe a Son; 'tis true, I have ſtill a Child, Heav'n has now confin'd my care to one, to ſee her well beſtow'd ſhall be the buſineſs of my Life —— Oh! my *Eugenio.*

Roſ. Egad, he does it rarely, (*aſide.*)

Pirro. How ſhall I manage, that he may not ſuſpect my love to his Daughter proceeds from his Son's death, (*aſide.*) I was juſt coming to make a Propoſal to your Lordſhip as the News reach'd my Ear, I much fear the time's improper now to talk of buſineſs.

Gra. Pray Heav'n [illegible] be the buſineſs I wiſh; were my grief more great, if poſſible, yet would I ſuſpend it to hear, my Lord, of *Pirro.*

Roſ. Cunningly inſinuated, (*aſide.*)

Pirro. Your Lordſhip is too obliging.

Gra. Not at all, pray proceed, my Lord.

Pirro. It was, my Lord, to have ask't the fair *Lucaſia* for my Wife.

Roſ. So he has ſwallow'd the bait, (*aſide.*)

Gra. As I could wiſh, (*aſide.*)

Pirro. 'Twas not out of any Conſideration of her preſent Fortune, my Lord, I hope you'l not believe, ſince I deſign'd it e're I knew *Eugenio* dead. I wiſh he may believe me, (*aſide.*)

Gra. If 'twas, my Lord of *Pirro* does deſerve it all, nor would I wiſh my Child a better Match. But 'tis too ſoon to treat of Marriage after ſuch a Loſs.

Roſco. Dear Sir, conſent to this good Lord, ſo will your care be over, and hopeful Grandſons make up poor *Eugenio*'s loſs.

Gra. What, would you have me think of Joy and Death at once, and mingle the Grave and Marriages together.

Pirro. If you'll conſent, my Lord, a private Marriage may be had, and ſo diſpence with the uſual Solemnities of Joy. If you refuſe me, I ſhall think you ſlight my Claim.

Gra. That Argument alone prevails: No, I will never give the Count of *Pirro* cauſe to doubt of my Eſteem.

Roſ. Conſider, my Lord, ſhe's an Heireſs, that may ſet bold, deſperate Youths on raſh Attempts; and tho' they know *Sicilian* Laws gives death to him that ſteals an Heireſs, yet I'll not warrant her Safety till to morrow night.

Pirro. He's in the right, my Lord.

Gra. Away, and call her, tho' ſhe's diſorder'd with her Griefs. Now thou haſt rais'd another Fear, and my poor heart trembles for *Lucaſia*, as it for *Eugenio* bleeds. (*Ex.* Roſco.

Pirro. Within my arms ſhe ſhall be ſafe and happy, the Governour, my noble Uncle, and my Friend, her great Protector.

Enter Roſco *with* Lucaſia.

Gra, Come near *Lucaſia*, like the Ambaſſadors from this World's great Rulers, I bring the Grief and Joy, pauſe not upon a Brother's Loſs, tho' 'twas a dear one; but fix thy thoughts here, upon this Lord; thus I bequeath thee to the illuſtrious Count of *Pirro*.

Pirro. Thus I with extaſy receive her,

[*Kneels and kiſſes her hand.*

Luc. You'll give me leave, my Lord, to wake from this Confuſion: Is't poſſible! do I behold my Father?
Can he reſolve, at once, to part with both
His Children, my Brother, the beſt of Men,
No more will bleſs his Roof, no more will grace

This

This Pallace with his preſence—
Muſt I be caſt out too, far more unbleſt
Than he whoſe lodg'd within the peaceful Grave.
Oh, ſend me to him, e're you condemn me
T'perpetual Bondage, to a life of woe;
To a Marriage unthought of, unforeſeen.

Pirro. Madam——

Gra. Mind her not, my Lord, 'tis grief, 'tis mere diſtraction, ſhe ſhan't diſpute my Will. Pleaſe to walk in, my Lord, we'll peruſe the Writings of your Eſtate, and hear what Settlement you'll make her, and to morrow the Prieſt ſhall join you, to aleviate her Griefs, and Mind.

Pirro. But to ſee her weep thus damps all my riſing joy.

Gra. They are but Virgin Tears, pray come withme, Daughter, you know my Will, I expect you be Obedient; you know 'tis your Duty.

Luc. I know 'tis, Sir.——
But you, I hope, will give my tortur'd Heart
Your leave to break, and that may ſhew my Duty.

Pirro. Fair *Lucaſia.*

Luc. Oh, Diſtraction! [*Flings from him.*]

Gra. Pray come, my Lord, let her have her way, the fits of Women's grief laſt not long, at leaſt when I comniand ſhe ſhall Obey.

[*Exeunt* all but *Lucaſia.*]

Luc. A diſmal Sentence, it ſtrikes me upon my Soul,
And raiſes Terrors far more grim than Death;
Forgive me, Brother, if t'thy Memory
I pay not one Tear more, all now are due
To Love, and my *Palante.*

Enter

Enter Laura.

Lau. You name the Man that waits by me conceal'd,
For one bleſt Minute to comfort his *Lucaſia*.
Luc. All Minutes now are Curſt, no chearful day,
Will ever bring the loſt *Lucaſia* Peace.
Lau. Come forth, Sir, I believe you'l prove the beſt Phyſician.

Enter Palante.

Luc. Oh *Palante*, art thou come prepar'd to weep,
Elſe, for me, thou art no fit Companion,
For I have News will rack thy very Soul.
Pal. Yes, I have heard of brave *Eugenio*'s death;
He was thy Brother, and my early Friend:
Thus doubly ty'd, thou need'ſt not doubt I mourn
Him truly-----
Luc. Oh poor *Palante!*
So wretched *Alcione* did at diſtance grieve,
VVhen ſhe beheld the floating Corps,
And knew not 'twas her Husband.
Pal. VVhat means my Love?
Luc. Doſt thou not love me, my *Palante?*
Pal. Oh! after ſo many Years of faithful Service,
VVhy am I ask'd that Queſtion?
Luc. It were better that thou didſt not, for when
Thou hear'ſt the Story 'twill turn thee into Marble;
'Twill ſhock thy manly heart, and make each Nerve
Looſe its accuſtomed Faculty, chill all
Thy Blood, and make thine Eyes run o're like mine,
For we muſt part for ever.

Pal.

Pal. Can that Voice pronounce a ſound ſo dreadful?
Art thou then alter'd with thy fortune? Muſt
I loſe thee?

Luc. O thou unkind one to ſuſpect my Love,
My promis'd Faith, or think me in the leaſt
Conſenting to my rigid Father's Will,
Who, but now has given me to the Count of *Pirro*.

Pal. Ha! to the Count of *Pirro*, that lump of Deformity:
My Sword has been my fortune hitherto,
And ne're was wont to fail its Maſter, and
Whilſt this Arm can hold it, I'll maintain my Right.

Luc. Which way raſh Man, is he not ſurrounded
By numerous Friends, and waiting Slaves?
Does not inevitable Death attend
Thy deſperate purpoſe?

Pal. Then let that ſame Sword, the old acquaintance
Of my Arm, pierce its loſt Maſter's breaſt, and
End my Sorrows.

Luc. Forbid it Heaven, is there no other way?

Pal. But one, and that I dare not name.

Luc. Oh! how has thy *Lucaſia*, ſince firſt our
Mutual Vows were plighted, given Cauſe for doubt.
VVhy doſt thou fear to ask, ſince all is thine, within
The Bounds of Honour.

Pal. VVhen I attempt ought againſt *Lucaſia*.
Contrary to the niceſt Rules of Virtue,
May Heaven, and ſhe, forſake.

Luc. Oh, I know it, and when I refuſe what
May advance our Loves, may I be Curſt
VVith that hated Count of *Pirro*. Speak, my *Palante*,

Pal. Can I---- Ye all-ſeeing Powers, move ſo bold a Suit,
Oh! let me humbly ask it on my knees,
To quit her cruel Father's houſe,
And all the Grandeur of a pompous Court.

To

To bear a part in my hard Fortunes;
Oh! 'tis too much to think, to wiſh, to hope.
Luc. Yes, dear *Palante*, more than this I'de do
For thee,
VVhat's Pomp and Greatneſs, when compar'd with Love?
Oh! that thou wert ſome humble Shepherd on
Our *Sicilian* Plain, I thy chearful Mate
VVou'd, watch with pleaſure till the Ev'ning tyde,
And wait thy bleſt return, with as much joy
As Queens expect Victorious Monarchs, and
Think my ſelf more bleſt than they. But, oh *Palante!*
Thou knowſt our Country's Laws gives Death without
Reprieve, to him that Weds an Heireſs againſt her Parents Will,
Tho' with her own Conſent.
Pal. Who would not Dye to purchaſe thee? For I
Muſt Dye without thee.
Luc. No, live *Palante*, we'll together tread
The Maze of life, and ſtand the ſhock of Fate.
The Power's Decree, or both our happineſs,
Or both our miſeries, where ſhall we meet?
For I will leave this loathſom Houſe, before their
VVatch grows ſtricker.
Pal. Will thou then forſake the VVorld for thy *Palante*?
Everlaſting Bleſſings fall around thee,
And Crown thy Days and Nights with peace and joy.
Oh! my fond heart, I cannot half expreſs
The Raptures thou haſt rais'd, thou Treaſure of
My Soul, let me Embrace thee, and while thus
I hold thee in my arms, I'm richer than
The *Eaſtern* Monarch, nor wou'd I quit thee
To be as Great as he----
Oh! let but what my Arms infolds be mine;
Take all the reſt the VVorld contains, my Life.
Luc. My *Palante*----

Pal. I have an only Friend, faithful and juſt,
As Men of Old before Deceit became
A Trade, he ſhall aſſiſt us in our flight;
He ſhall prepare a Prieſt, if thou wilt meet
Me in the *Eaſtern* Grove; when we are VVed
VVe'll fly to *Spain*, till Time and Friends procure
My Pardon.

Luc. In ſome diſguiſe I'le meet thee there,
Juſt at the hour of Noon,
For then my Father ſleeps, and I will take
The opportunity——
And, oh! I fear no danger but for thee.

Pal. For me there's none, whilſt thou'rt ſafe, and with me
Thy loſs alone can make *Palante* dye.

Enter Laura.

Laura. Madam, your Father——

Luc. Away *Palante*, may all the Powr's preſerve thee.

Pal. And thou the beſt of Woman-kind.

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

Lucaſ. *O Love, thou that haſt join'd a faithful Pair,*
Guard my Palante, *make him all thy care.*
Fate's utmoſt rigour we reſolve to try,
Live both together, or together Dye.

Enter Count Gravello, Larich *and* Lavinia.

Gra. Brother, you are welcome to the Houſe of Sorrow; but I have learnt ſo much Philoſophy, to ceaſe to Mourn when the Cauſe is paſt redreſs. Once more, forgetting Grief, you are welcome, you, and my fair Neice.

Larich.

Larich. Thank you Brother--- the Girl's a foolish Girl--- Marriageable, but foolish--- You understand me.

Lavin. I thank you, Sir.

Larich. Why, are you not a Fool, Hussy--- look y'Brother, I have provided the Mynx a rich Husband, a Scholar too, Body of me bred all his Youth at *Salamanca*, learn'd enough to commence Doctor--- I love a learned Man, especially when Riches too concur; he is the Son and Heir of my old Friend *Don Sancho* of *Syracuse*--- and the Baggage cry's *I hate him*, and yet has never seen him; but she is in Love, forsooth, with a young beggarly Dog, not worth a Groat; but I'll prevent her, I'll warrant her.

Gra. Just, just my Case, we are Brothers in every thing, my Daughter too thinks her judgment wisest, and flies a Fortune for a Princess, but her reign's at an end, to morrow I'm rid of her; I warrant you, Brother, we'll hamper the young Sluts.

Lavin. You may be both mistaken, old Gentlemen,
If my Cousin is of my mind.

Larich. What's that you mutter, Mrs. *Littlewit.*

Lavin. I say, I long to see my Cousin *Lucasia*, Sir, I hope that's no Crime.

Gra. No, no, *Rosco*, wait of her in to my Daughter, and dost hear *Lavinia*? Preethy let Obedience be thy study, and teach it her.

Lavin. I'll warrant you, Sir, I'll teach her to be Obedient, if she'll but follow my advice, (*aside*) but 'tis something hard, tho' Uncle, to Marry a Man at first sight, one's heard but an indifferent Character of.

Larich. How, Hussy, are you a Judge of Characters? Is he not a Scholar? Answer me that.

Lavin. A meer Scholar is a meer--- You know the old Proverb, Father.

Larich. Do you hear the perverſe Baggage; get you out of my ſight, Huſſy.

Lavin. I am obedient, Sir,--- I dare ſwear I ſhall find better Company, than two old arbitrary Dons.

[*Exit with* Roſco.

Larich. Did you ever ſee ſuch a Slut? body a'me theſe wild Wenches are enough to make old Men mad.

Gra. My Daughter is of another Strain, ſolid as Man, but obſtinate as Woman; but no matter when ſhe is married my care is over, let Count *Pirro* look to't.

Larich. Count *Pirro!* body o'me a mighty Fortune for my Couſin; why, he's rich enough to buy a Principality; my Son's rich too, and a great Scholar, which I admire above all things.

Enter Roſco.

Roſco. Oh! Sir, ſuch News, ſuch a Sight, Sir!

Larich. What's the matter.

Roſco. Don Sancho come to Town in his *Salamanca* habit, his Dreſs, and grave Phiz has alarm'd the Mobb, that there's ſuch a Crowd about the Inn door, I'le maintain't his Landlord gives him free Quarter for a Twelve-Month, if he'l let him expoſe him to advantage, ha, ha, ha, he makes as odd a Figure, Sir, as the famous *Don Quixot,* when he went in ſearch of his *Dulcinea.*

Larich. Brother, pray Correct your Servant, I like not his rediculous Jeſts upon the Habit of the Learned, my Son-in-Law that is to be, minds nothing but his Books.

Roſco.

Rasco. Sir, I ask your pardon, my nigard Stars have not allow'd line enough to my Judgment, to fathom the profundity of your Son's shallow Capacity— (*bowing Comically.*

Gra. Peace, Sirrah— Come, Brother, now your Son's arriv'd, I hope we shall have a double Match to morrow,— We'll not consult the Women, but force them to their Happiness,

Experienc'd Age knows what for Youth is fit;
With wise Men, Wealth, out-weighs both Parts and Wit.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Scene I. *Lucasta's* Chamber.

Enter Lucasia *and* Lavinia.

Lavi. UPon my life, Couſin, I think my Condition worſe than yours, and yet you ſee I am not ſo much dejected.

Luca. Oh! What Condition is't can equal mine?
Much leſs exceed it; to be oblig'd to
Break my Vow, to part from my *Palante*;
Forc'd to the Arms of a miſhap'en Monſter,
Whom Nature made to vex the whole Creation.
Nor is his crooked Body more deform'd
Than is his Soul, Ambition is his God;
He ſeeks no Heav'n but Intereſt; nor knows he
How to value ought but Gold.
Oh! my deareſt Brother, had'ſt thou but liv'd
I had been truly happy, but now am
Doubly miſerable, in loſing thee, and my *Palante*.

Lavi. For Heav'ns ſake, don't afflict your ſelf at this rate, but ſtudy rather to avoid the Ill, if you would Counter-plot my Uncle; dry up your Eyes, and let the Woman work, I warrant you may contrive ſome way to get rid of this lump of Worms-meat; I don't fear giving my Father the drop, for all his care, yet tho' he made me ride Poſt to Town, to meet the Fool he has pick'd out for me; it ſhall coſt me a fall, if I don't

I don't marry the Man I have a mind to; I shall see who's the best Politician, my Dad, or I.

Luc. Thy Courage gives fresh Life and Liberty,
To poor *Lucasta*'s tyred restless Soul,
Such pow'r have chearful Friends t'ease our Sorrows.
Oh! my *Lavinia*, may thy Councel prove
Prophetick, I'm going now, in this disguise, to meet my
Dear *Palante*; may no malignant Star
Interpose, to cross our mutual Wishes.
May thy Designs successful prove,
To fix thee ever in *Francisco*'s Arms.

Lav. And make *Palante* yours.

Scene, *The Street.* Sancho *and* Francisco *meeting.*

Fran. Don Sancho your Servant; Who thought of seeing you at *Palermo*, I thought you had been at the University of *Salamanca?*

Sancho. I came lately from thence.

Fran. Prithy, what brought you hither?

Sancho. Why, that that brings some Men to the Gallows, a Wench.

Fran. What, I warrant, you have got your Bed-maker with Child, and so are expell'd the College.

Sancho. That's a mistake.

Fran. What, thou art not come hither to take Physick, ha!

Sancho. No, not the Physick you mean; but I am going to enter into a Course, that is, the Course of Matrimony.

Fran. Matrimony, with who, prithy?

Sancho. Why, with *Don Larich*'s Daughter: Do you know her?

Fran. Ha! Is this my Rival? This was a lucky Discovery, (*aside*) know her; ay, very well, Sir. I can assure you she's very

very handsome, and as Witty as she is Fair; Thou won't visit her in that Dress, sure?

Sancho. To chuse, Sir, 'tis an Emblem of Learning; nay, I design my Man shall carry a load of Books along with me too, that she may see what he is Master of, that is to be Master of her.

Fran. Indeed, my Friend, you'll never succeed upon those Terms.

Tristr. Sir, my Master has such an itch to this foolish Learning, that he bestows more Money yearly upon Books, than would build an Hospital for all the *Courtisans* in *Italy*.

Sancho. No more, or you'll displease me, *Tristram*.

Tristr. I can't help that, Sir-- Sir, will you believe me, I have spent two days in sorting Poets from Historians, and as many nights in placing the Divines on their own Chairs, I mean their Shelves; then seperating Philosophers, from those People that kill with a License, cost me a whole day's labour; and tho' my Master says Learning is immortal, I find the Sheets it is contain'd in savors much of mortality.

Sancho. I hope my Books are in good case, *Tristram*?

Tristr. Yes, yes, Sir, in as good case as the Moths have left 'em.

Sancho. Od'so, I had forgot, go get me *Suarez Metaphysicks*, *Tolet de anima*, and *Granados Commentaries*, on *Primum Secundæ Thomæ Aquinatis*.

Tristr. How the Devil does he do to remember all these Authors hard Names, I dare swear he understands not a Sillable of their Writings--- Sir, would not the famous History of *Amidis de Gaul* do as well.

Fran. Ay, better, better far, Man, harkee *Sancho*, you are not at *Salamanca* now, amongst you Square Caps, but in *Palermo*, come up to see your Mistress the fair *Lavinia*, the glory of the City; go and Court her like a Gentleman, without your Tropes and Figures, or all the Physicks, Metaphysicks, and Metaphors, will streight be made pittiful Martyrs.

Sancho. Martyrs, Sir, why, I thought--- *Fran.*

Fran. Thy ſelf an errant Idiot, thy Brain's more dull than a *Dutch* Burghers. Is this a dreſs fit for a Gentleman to Court his Miſtreſs in? Away, away, the Lady you ſpeak of, I can aſſure you, is too much a Gallant to be taken with a Band and a ſquare Cap —— If you would ſucceed, you muſt throw off that Pedant, and aſſume the Gentleman, learn the toſs of the Head, and know the Principles of each man by the cock of his Hatt.

Sancho. How's that, pray?

Fran. Oh! I'll teach you: if you be but willing to improve, I'll warrant you carry the Lady.

Sancho. But I am to be married to her as ſoon as I ſee her, ſo my Father told me, and that her Father admired a Scholar above all things.

Fran. I'll improve that hint —— Aye, as I told you, a Scholar that is read in men, not in Books.

Sancho. In men, what's that? in men! *Triſtram*, what does he mean? what man is to be read? In men! I don't underſtand you; but you'll teach me, you ſay.

Fran. Ay, ay, I'll give you a Leſſon upon that Subject.

Sancho. Very well: but what ſhall I do for Cloaths to dreſs like a Gentleman?

Fran. If you pleaſe to ſtep into my Lodgings here, I'll equip you with a Suit of mine till you can have one made, and there I'll teach you a little of the Town breeding, and I warrant you you'll ſucceed.

Sancho. Come on; faith I long to become thy Scholar.

Fran. And I to make you an Aſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Eugeno *and his Man.*

Eug. What can this mean? where e're I come the News is currant of my Death, yet not two days ſince, I wrote and received Letters from my Father, and here the rumour goes,

I have been dead this fortnight; *I* am reſolv'd to know the grounds, if poſſible. *Pedro*, go get me ſome diſguiſe, and for your life diſcover not who *I* am, I'll ſtay here at this Inn 'till you return, and in the mean time think what method to purſue my Project in. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the Grove. Lucaſia, *Sola.*

Lucaſia, Methinks this ſilent ſolitary Grove
Should ſtrike a terrour to ſuch Hearts as mine;
But Love has made me bold, the time has been,
In ſuch a place as this, *I* ſhould have fear'd
Each ſhaking Bough, and ſtarted at the Wind,
And trembled at the ruſhing of the Leaves;
My Fancy would have fram'd a thouſand ſhapes;
But now it ſeems a Palace,
Delightful as the Poets feign
The *Elizian* Fields: Here do *I* expect
To meet my Love, my faithful, dear *Palante.*
Why does he ſtay thus long? when laſt we
Parted, each hour he ſaid wou'd ſeem a Year,
Till we were met again, and yet I'm here
Before him; I'll reſt a while, for come *I*
Know he will. [*Goes and ſits down.*

Enter Palante *and* Clerimont.

Pal. This, *Clerimont*, this is the happy place,
where *I* ſhall meet the ſum of all my Joys,
And be poſſeſt of ſuch a vaſt Treaſure
As wou'd enrich a Monarch to receive;
And thou, my Friend, muſt give her to my Arms.
Luc. 'Tis my *Palante's* Voice. [*Comes forward.*
Pal. My Life, my Soul, what here before me? ſtill

Thou

Thou prevent'ſt me in the race of Love, and
Makeſt all my Endeavours poor, in competition
With thy large favours ——
But *I* forget, Deareſt; bid my Friend here welcome,
This is he whom *I* dare truſt, next my own
Heart, with Secrets.

Luc. *I* muſt admire him that Loves *Palante*;
Friendſhip's a noble Name, 'tis Love refin'd;
'Tis ſomething more than Love, 'tis what *I* wou'd
Shew to my *Palante*.

Cler. It is indeed a Beauty of the Mind, a Sacred Name,
In which ſo brightly ſhines that Heavenly Love,
That makes th' immortal Beings taſte each others joy;
'Tis the very Cement of Souls. Friendſhip's
A Sacred name, and he who truly knows
The meaning of the Word, is worthy of
Eſtimation.
No pains he'll ſpare, no difficulties ſtart,
But hazard all for th' int'reſt of his Friend.

Pal. Ay! Now methinks I'm Emperour of the World,
With my ineſtimable Wealth about me:
To ſuch a Miſtreſs, ſuch a Friend, what can be
Added more to make me happy?——
Oh! thou darkſome Grove, that won't to be call'd
The Seat of Melancholy, and ſhelter
For the diſcontented Souls! ſure thou'rt wrong'd!
Thou ſeem'ſt to me a place of Solace and Content;
A Paradiſe! that gives me more than Courts
Cou'd ever do: Bleſt be then thy fair Shades,
Let Birds of Muſick always chant it here;
No Croaking Raven, or ill-boding Owl,
Make here their baleful Habitation:
But may'ſt thou be a Grove for Loves fair Queen
To ſport in, for under thy bleſt ſhade two faithful

Lovers meet —— Why is my *Lucasia* sad?

Luc. I know not, but *I* long to quit this place,
My Thoughts seem to divine of Treachery,
But whence *I* know not; no Creature's conscious
To our meeting here but *Laura*; I have always
Found her Honest, and yet I would she did not know it.

Pal. 'Tis only Fear assaults thy tender Mind;
But come, my Friend, let's to the Cell adjoyning
To this Grove, and there the Priest
Shall make us one for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Larich *and* Lavinia.

Larich. Come, set your Face in order, for *I* expect young *Sancho* here immediately, he arriv'd in Town last Night, and sent me word but now, he'd be here in an instant.

Lav. But, Sir.

Larich. Sir me no Sirs, for I'm resolv'd you shall be married to Night.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman to wait on you calls himself *Don Sancho.*

Larich. Odso, shew him up; now, you Baggage, you shall see the pink of Learning, one that can travel through the whole World in an Afternoon, and sup in *Palermo* at Night, ha! you shall; you'll be as wise as the *Sibills* in a Months time, with such a Husband, and will bring forth a Race of Politicians that shall set the World together by the Ears, then patch it up again in the supping up of a poach'd Egg.

Enter

Enter Sancho *and* Triſtram.

Larich. Save you, Sir.

Sancho. You don't think me damn'd, Sir, that you beſtow that Salutation upon me?

Larich. By no means, Sir, 'tis only my way of expreſſing a hearty welcome.

Sancho. Sir, your humble Servant: Is this your fair Daughter, Sir?

Larich. Yes, Sir.

Sancho. She's very handſome, Faith.

Larich. She's as Heaven made her.

Sancho. Then ſhe ſhou'd be naked; the Taylor ſhou'd have no hand in her— I ſuppoſe you know my Buſineſs, ſhall we be married inſtantly?

Larich. Won't to morrow ſerve, Sir? I wou'd firſt hear a little of your proceedings in the Univerſity; came you from *Salamanco* now, Sir?

Sancho. From *Salamanco*! What do you ſee in my Face, that ſhou'd make you judge me ſuch a Coxcomb?

Larich. Your Father writ me word, that his Son that was to marry my Daughter, was a Scholar, wholly given up to Books.

Sancho. My Father was an arrant Aſs for his pains, I ne're read a Book in my life but what I was beat to, and thoſe I forgot as ſoon as I left School: A Scholar! he lies in his Throat that told you ſo.

Lavin. In my Conſcience, Sir, you may believe him; I dare ſwear he never ſaw a Book except the Chronicle Chain'd in his Father's Hall.

Larich. Hold your Tongue, Huſſy; how now?

Sancho. Sir, I underſtand a Horſe, a Hawk, or Hound, as well as any man living; nay, I underſtand Men too; I know

now

now that you are an old covetous Hunks, by the ſett of your Hatt now; but no matter for that, your Daughter is the better Fortune.

Lavin. The Fool has hit right upon my Father, we ſhall have rare ſport preſently.

Sancho. I have ſtudied Men, Sir—— I know each Man's inward Principle by his out-ſide Habit.

Lavin. Does your profound Knowledge reach to Women too, Sir?

Larich. You will be prating——

Sancho. Look you, Sir, obſerve the management of my Hatt now—— This is your Bullying Gameſter.

[*Three Corners ſhort pinch.*

Larich. What the Devil have we here! s'death this can never be *Don Sancho*'s Son?

Lavin. This is indeed the Pink of Learning, Sir— I ſhall be as wiſe as the *Sibills* with ſuch a Husband; ha, ha, ha.

Sancho. Your Beaus wear their Hatts [*offering to put it on*] no, hold, thus, Sir; [*clapping it under his Arm*] your conconceited Wit, thus, [*putting it on over the left Eye*] and your travell'd Wit thus [*over the right Eye without a pinch*] your Country Squire, thus, [*putting it behind his Wig.*]

Larich. I wonder how an Aſs wears it, I'm ſure thou art one; I am amaz'd! this muſt be ſome trick certainly. [*Aſide.*

Lavin. What think you now, Sir, ſhall we get a Race of Politicians? In my Conſcience this falls out as well as *I* could wiſh. Oh that *I* could but once ſee *Franciſco.* [*Aſide.*

Larich. Huzzy, hold your Tongue, or—— or——

[*Holds up his Cane.*

This may be ſome of your Contrivance, for ought *I* know. This is a very great Blockhead; Ounds, *I*—— I—— *I*—— have a good mind to add one Faſhion more to your Hatt, and knock it down to your Crown.

Sancho. Evermore, Sir, when you ſee a Man wear his

Hatt

Hat thus [*pulling it down on both sides*] he's a Projector, a Projector, Sir, or a Member of the Society of the Reformation of Manners, [*in another Tone*] What think you of this, Old Gentleman? hah! is not this a greater Knowledge than ever Man attain'd to by Books? hah!

Larich. I admire that my Old Friend, knowing my aversion for these foolish Fopperies, shou'd breed up his Son to 'em, then write me word he had made him a Scholar, purposely because I was a lover of Learning; pray, Sir, was you ever in *Palermo* before?

Sancho. No, Sir; but I like it very well now *I* am in't.

Larich. I must be satisfied that you are Senior *Sancho*'s Son, e're *I* shall like you for mine. [*Aside.*

Sancho. What think you of a Glass of Champaign, Sir? If you'll go to the Tavern, I'll give you a Bottle of the best the House affords; what say you, Old Dad? ha! and there we will consult about our Marriage.

Larich. If you'll go to the Tavern that joyns to the *Piazza*, I'll wait on you in a quarter of an Hour.

Sancho. Sir, *I* shall wait your pleasure.

Larich. I took the hint to get rid of him, what shall I do to find the truth of this? [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, a Scholar enquires for you.

Larich. A Scholar! admit him immediately.

Enter Francisco *in* Sancho's *Habit.*

Fran. So, *I* watch'd *Sancho* out, now for my Cue. [*Aside.*
If you be the venerable Man to whom this goodly Mansion is impropriated; *I* come to negociate about Authentick Business.

Lav. This rather shou'd be *Don Sancho*'s Son——his Words

Words and Habit ſpeak him moſt learned —— *I* am the Perſon, pray let me be bold to crave your Name.

Fran. My Appellation, or *pro nomen*, as the Latins term it, is call'd *Jeremie*; but my *Cognomen*, in our Mother Tongue, is call'd *Sancho*.

Lav. Ha! upon my life 'tis *Franciſco*; oh, for an opportunity to ſpeak to him: *I* hope to Heaven, my Father won't find out the Cheat. [*Aſide.*

Larich. Ay, this is he, this is he; what *Don Sancho*'s Son?

Fran. The *Nominals*, the *Thomiſts*, and all the Sects of Old and Modern School-men, do oblige me to pay to that Gentleman filial Duty.

Larich. I am glad to hear it with all my heart, I know the other muſt be an Impoſtor, but I'm reſolv'd to apprehend and puniſh him: Sir, you are welcome; *I* gueſs your Buſineſs, my Daughter is yours.

Fran. My Buſineſs is about propagation, as the Civil Lawyers do learnedly paraphraſe, is of Concomitance, or Cohabitation, or what you pleaſe to term it.

Larich. How am *I* bleſt that this wonderful Scholar ſhall be matched into my Family —— Daughter, what ſay you now, here's a Husband for you now, here's a Husband for you.

Lavin. Pray Heaven you hold but in the Mind 'till you have made him ſuch. [*Aſide.*

Larich. Does he not ſpeak like an Oracle? 'Igad I'll maintain't, he ſhall put down ten Univerſities and Inn's of Court in twenty Syllables —— Pray, Sir, ſpeak learnedly to my Girl, for, tho' *I* ſay it, ſhe has a good Capacity.

Fran. Moſt rubicund, ſtilliferous, ſplendant Lady, the occular faculties by which the Beams of Love are darted into every Soul, or humane Eſſence, have convey'd into my Breaſt the luſtre of your Beauty; and *I* can admire no other

ther Object; therefore pardon me, Sir, if I only expreſs my ſelf in Terms Scholaſtick, and in Metaphors, my Phraſe to her. [*Turning to* Larich.

Larich. Learned, Learned, Young Man, how happy am I in thee?

Lavin. Now do I long to ſee my Father's back turn'd, that he might change his learned non-ſenſe, and talk more Modern, to talk more Wiſe; you may ſpare your Rhetorick, Sir, unleſs you come down to my underſtanding; but I know juſt enough of your meaning, to tell you it does not ſuit with my inclination.

Larich. What don't ſuit with your inclination, ha, forſooth?

Lavin. Marriage, Sir.

Larich. 'Tis falſe, huſſy, you have an inclination, and you ſhall have an inclination; not an inclination, quoth the baggage: Sir, I ſay ſhe's yours, come into the next Room, and I'll have the Settlement drawn immediately, and you ſhall be married to night. Not an inclination! [*Exit.*

E ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *The Street.*

Enter Eugenio.

Eugen. THus in Diſguiſe I ſhall diſcover all,
And find the Cauſe of my reported Death,
Which does ſo much amaze me:
A Month ago my Father ſent me word, that I ſhou'd haſten my Journey to *Palermo*; and I met the Poſt upon the Road, that gave me a Letter, wherein he ſtrictly charges me not to come this three Months: No ſooner had I enter'd the Town, but I met the rumour of my Death, which ſtill ſurpris'd me more; but this Letter ſhall help me to the knowledge of the truth. [*Shews a Letter, goes to the Door and* [*knocks.*

Enter Roſco.

Roſco. Who'd you ſpeak with, Friend?
Eugen. With the Lord *Gravello*, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Roſ. Marry

Roſ. Marry gap, and can't I ſerve your turn? Nothing but my Lord, good lack! I gueſs he knows you not; pray what's your buſineſs? What's your Name? From whence come you? What do ye want? I believe you are of no ſuch Extraction, that you ſhou'd be introduc'd to my Lord; let me be judge, whether your affair require his Lordſhip's Ear, elſe, Friend, I ſhall bring you but a ſcurvy anſwer; either he's buſie, or a-ſleep, or gone abroad, any of theſe are ſufficient for your Quality, I ſuppoſe.

Eug. Thus great Men always are abus'd, becauſe
There's no acceſs, but through ſuch Knaves as thee;
Then I'll return my Meſſage back unto his Son, and bid him employ a finer Fellow, if he expects that he ſhou'd ſee his Father. [*Going.*

Roſ. Ha! his Son! ſtay, Sir, and forgive me; here comes my Lord.

Enter Count Gravello, Roſco *goes and whiſpers him.*

Gra. Wou'd you ought with me, Friend?

Eug. If you be the Lord *Gravello.*

Gra. The ſame.

Eug. I came from *Rome*, my Lord; Laden, I hope, with happy Tidings, and after the ſad report I have met with, I dare ſay, welcome; your Son *Eugenio* lives, and with his Duty, recommends this Letter to your Lordſhips peruſal. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Gra. How! does my Boy live? Oh! I'm overjoy'd, for I thought him Dead. *Roſco* Reward him for his Tidings, Reward him largely, *Roſco.*

Roſ. There's a Piſtol for you, eat like an Emperour, d'ye hear, till that be out.

Gra. He Writes me word, that you are a Gentleman fallen to decay, and begs that *I* would take you into my Service: *I* have no place vacant at preſent, but the firſt that falls worth your acceptance, ſhall be yours; in the mean time Command my Houſe, [*I muſt not let him ſuſpect I knew* Eugenio *was alive*] the happy News that thou haſt brought me, has rais'd me from the Vale of Death; but tell me, Friend, haſt thou reveal'd this to any in *Palermo*, but my ſelf?

Eug. To none. For tho' *I* met the Tragick Story in every Street through which *I* paſs'd, ſtill *I* conceal'd the truth, intending your Lordſhips Ear ſhould firſt receive it.

Gra. Thou haſt done exceeding well; *Roſco*, give him a double Reward, a double welcome; *I* have ſome private Reaſons to my ſelf that it ſhould ſtill be kept a ſecret, which if thou'rt faithful, thou in time ſhalt know.

Eug. Fear not, my Lord, I am no blab; I ever thought a ſlippery Tongue Mankind's ſhame. What can this mean? [*Aſide.*

Roſ. This is a notable Fellow.

Gra. Roſco, bid him welcome; tell him my Houſe is his, bid him be free.

Roſ. As long as you have occaſion for him——
Sir, I am your moſt Obedient, moſt Devoted, and thrice Humble Serviteur; Command the Pantry, Cellar, Maids, Chambers,—— for in theſe I rule, and theſe are at your Service, Sir. [*Bowing low.*

Eug. I thank you my Quondam Friend; but a Quiet reſidence in my Lord's Houſe, the time I ſtay, ſatisfies my deſires.

Roſ. A worthy man, upon my Faith. Oh! my Lord, here comes the Bridegroom, I know by this Fellow's being out of breath.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord Count *Pirro* ſo fine, ſo brisk, ſo ugly.

Gra. How, how, Sirrah, ugly?

Serv. So handſome, I mean, Sir; Pox on't, how came my Head to run ſo of Uglineſs?

Roſco. Seeing the Count, I warrant thee, *Jack.*

Gra. Be gone, Varlet, and attend his comeing. [*Exeunt.*

Eugene. Ha! Count *Pirro* the Bridegroom— and, my Life a Secret; *I* begin to find the Cauſe. [*Aſide.*

Enter Count Pirro.

Pir. I came, my Lord, to claim your Promiſe, and Receive into my Arms the Beautiful *Lucaſia.*

Gra. And I'll acquit my ſelf inſtantly. Within there—— call *Lucaſia.*

Enter Laura.

Laura. My Lord.

Grav. My—— call your Lady; what does your flurtſhip do here? *I* want your Miſtreſs—— why don't the Wench ſtir?

Laura. My Lord, I don't know.——

Gra. What don't you know? nay, no grinding between your Teeth, ſpeak out.

Laur. Why then, my Lord, *I* don't know where ſhe is.

Gra. 'Tis falſe, 'tis impoſſible; when went ſhe out? and whither? Speak ye confederate Miſchief; how long ago, I ſay? Confeſs, or I'll have you rack'd.

Lau. She would not take me with her to prevent ſuſpicion; and now all muſt out, for my Limbs will never bear ſtretching, that's certain. [*Aſide.*

Gra. What

Gra. What are you inventing a Lye? —— don't ſtand muttering your Devil's *Pater noſter* there, but ſpeak quickly - or —— [*Draws his Sword.*

Lau. Oh hold, it was, my Lord, my Lord, a, a, a ——

Gra. What was it? ſpeak.

Lau. It was a great while ago, my Lord.

Gra. Ha, ſpeak to the purpoſe, or thou dy'ſt.

Lau. No, no, no, my Lord, it was —— it was juſt now; what ſhall I ſay to ſave my unhappy Miſtreſs? [*Aſide.*

Pirro. You terrifie the Creature ſo, that we ſhall never learn the truth, my Lord; don't tremble ſo ſweetheart, but tell when went your Lady out, and whither?

Gra. Away, my Lord, my Sword ſhall fetch the Secret forth; Huzzy, ſpeak, or by this Hand, this Minute is thy laſt. [*Holds his Sword to her Breaſt.*

Lau. Oh, hold Sir, and I will tell you all; *I* do confeſs.

Gra. What?

Lau. It muſt out; that my Lady's fled to meet *Palante* in the Eaſtern Grove, and *I* believe, by this, they are married.

Gra. Fly, and eſcape my Fury, thou more than Devil. [*Straps her with his Sword, ſhe ſhricks and runs off.* Now, my Lord of *Pirro*, you that ſo kindly came this day to comfort me, how ſhall I look you in the Face? or what reparation can I make you, if my Daughter's loſt? Within there! raiſe the Houſe, take Officers immediately, I charge you; fly to the Eaſtern Grove, and ſeize my Daughter and all that you find with her: we'll have revenge, my Lord, at leaſt.

Pirro. There's yet a Pleaſure left in that, and I'm reſolv'd my Arm ſhall give him Death; let's to the Grove, my Lord.

Roſte. Do you conſider, my Lord, the danger of your raſh Attempt, the Law will do you right; 'tis preſent Death in *Sicily*, to ſteal an Heireſs without her Friends conſent; firſt ſecure him, and his Life's yours: *Eug.* 'Tis

Eug. Tis as I ſuppoſe; oh Treachery! [*Aſide.*

Gra. Roſco, thou art an Oracle, that way the Revenge is more ſecure and certain. I'll after 'em, and ſee the Traytor brought to condign puniſhment. [*Exit with* Roſco.

Pirro. I'll to the Governour, and prepare him for the Judgment, my Intereſt there will ſurely ſign his Death. [*Going.*

Eug. Am I alive? do I breath? can I have a humane Soul, and ſuffer this injuſtice to proceed? Poor *Palante*, muſt thou die, becauſe Fortune has not bleſt thee with her Favours? No, ſomething I will do to ſave thee; and yet, if poſſible, not diſcover who I am. My Lord——

[*Pulls Count* Pirro *by the Sleeve as he goes out.*

Pirro. What art thou?

Eug. A poor Poet, my Lord, little beholden to Fortune.

Pirro. None of thy Profeſſion are, take up ſome more thriving Occupation; turn Pimp, Sollicitor, Gameſter, any thing will do better than rhiming; there's ſomething for thee, I'm in haſte now.

Eug. My Lord, I thank you for your Charity, and your good Advice; but I have ſome for you too.

Pirro. For me! what is't?

Eug. I underſtand, my Lord, that you are to marry my Lord *Gravello*'s Daughter.

Pirro. Yes, an Heireſs——

Eug. No Heireſs, my Lord, her Brother is alive.

Pirro. The Fellow's mad——

Eug. What I ſay is certain truth; and to my Knowledge, his Father gives out the report of his Death only as a Bait for you.

Pirro. Ha! where is he?

Eug. In this Town conceal'd 'till your Marriage be over; know I hate this Family, and that makes me diſcover it.

Pirro. Does he hate the Family? then perhaps he has only

ly forg'd this Lye to hinder *Lucaſia* from marrying into mine; I'll try him farther [*Aſide.*
Art thou ſure he is alive?

Eug. As ſure as that I live my ſelf; my Lord, I ſaw him not two Hours ago; I wiſh he was not, for your Lordſhips ſake: *I* am his Domeſtick, and come now to learn Intelligence; I loath my Servitude, deteſt the proud Family, and ſhou'd rejoyce to ſee 'em ruin'd.

Pirro. From whence proceeds thy hate? the World reports *Engenio* a Man of Honour, Honeſty and Courage.

Eug. That part of the World that thinks him ſuch, ſees thro' the wrong end of the Proſpective; his Honour's but pretence, his Honeſty Hypocriſie, and his Courage lewdneſs; he raviſht a Siſter of mine at *Rome*, for which I never can forgive him.

Pirro. This Fellow, I find is ripe for Miſchief; and if *I* durſt truſt him, wou'd, for a large Reward, remove *Engenio*, and make *Lucaſia* indeed an Heireſs; and 'twere but juſt, ſince Count *Gravillo* did deſign to wrong me of his Eſtate, why ſhou'd not I rob him of his Son? where could be the danger of this Act? I can't fore-ſee any, for he has already given it out he's dead, and therefore dares not ſearch into the matter; but is it ſafe to truſt this Stranger, he may betray my purpoſe, or not do it; yet 'tis reaſonable to think the contrary, for he hates him for his Siſter's Rape, and therefore would be glad to meet occaſion to revenge it, eſpecially when uſher'd in by a great *ſum:* I'm reſolv'd to break it to him. [*Aſide.*] What is your Name, Friend?

Eug. Irus, my Lord.

Pirro. Your Name as well as Habit ſpeak you poor.

Eug. I'm poor enough, my Lord.

Pirro. Very poor?

Eug. Very poor, my Lord.

Pirro. Would you not gladly mend your Fortunes.

Eug. I

Eug. I wish your Lordship wou'd shew me the way.

Pirro. What think you now of taking revenge for your Sister's Rape, ha?

Eug. Alas! my Lord, that I wou'd have done long ago, but want prevented my escape.

Pirro. Say'st thou so? my Friend: well, poison this *Eugenio*, and thou shalt not want; for thy Reward, a thousand Crowns are thine

Eug. Think it done, my Lord, nor will I receive my hire till *I* have brought you a certain proof *Eugenio* is no more; all *I* ask is but your Hand to the Agreement, my Lord, that *I* may be sure of my Reward.

Pirro. I'll give it thee ——— We must be safe, for his Father will be asham'd to Prosecute, after his reported Death. *I* must confess *I* lov'd *Lucasia* as an Heiress, but was she ten times as fair, *I* would not marry her without the Dowry, therefore make sure my Fortune by thy Master's Death.

Eug. He dies this Night.

Pirro. Follow me, and I'll sign the Contract, then to the Governours. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the Grove. Palante, Lucasia, *and* Clerimont.

Pal. 'Tis done, 'tis done, the Sacred Knot is ty'd,
And Bright *Lucasia* is for ever mine.
I ne're 'till now did taste the sweets of life;
Or the transporting extasie of Joy.
Burst not ye feeble Ministers of Nature,
With the vast excess of swelling Pleasure.
Oh! my Friend, what shall *I* say to thee?

Cler. This is no time for talk, or transports, make use of
My fortune, and fly 'till their pursuit is over.

Pal. Oh! *Clerimont*, I'm Bankrupt every way,
Both to thee, and to my Fair *Lucasia*.
Still thou art sad, my Love.

Luc. My ſadneſs does proceed from fear for thee,
Take your Friend's Counſel, let us fly this place.
Hark! What noiſe is that? ah me, we're loſt.

Enter Gravello, Eugenio, Roſco, *and Officers.*

Gra. Fall on, Officers, there they are.
Cler. Thieves.
Pal. Villains!
Gra. Thou art thy ſelf the Thief and Villain too;
Give me my Daughter, thou Ranter.
Pal. Firſt take my Life.
Gra. Fall on, I ſay; down with 'em if they reſiſt.
Luc. Oh! we are undone, wicked, wicked *Laura.*
Pal. Come on, Slaves. [*They Fight, but are diſarm'd by*
Cler. We ſhall not ſurrender tamely. [*the multitude.*
Gra. So, keep 'em faſt, we'll have 'em faſter ſhortly.
For you, Minion, *I* ſhall ſecure you from a ſecond ſcape.
Luc. Yet do but hear me, Father.
Gra. Call me not Father, thou diſobedient wretch,
Thou Vagabond, thou art no Child of mine;
My Daughter was bred up to Virtue.
Luc. For you my Mother wou'd have done as much:
If need had ſo required;
Think not that my mind e're ſtray'd from Virtue;
Oh! liſten to the Voice of Prayer, and Crown
It with rich mercy.
Gra. Off, Strumpet, Officers away with the Criminals,
They both ſhall dye.
Pal. Now *I* muſt ſpeak, oh ſpare my Friend, for he
Is innocent.
Cler. If thou muſt die, *Palante*, *I* have no
Other wiſh, but to ſuffer with thee.
Gra. That wiſh aſſure thy ſelf thou ſhalt obtain.

Luc. Oh!

Luc. Oh ſtay blood-thirſty men, ſtay and hear me
But a Word, and that ſhall be my final reſolution.
If thou, my cruel Father, wilt not hear,
But doſt proceed to ſpill the blood of him
In whom my life ſubſiſts, remember, Sir,
I am your Daughter, once you did love me;
Oh! tell me then, what fault can be ſo great
To make a Father Murtherer of his Child?
For ſo you are in taking his dear life;
Do not think that *I* will ſtay behind him.
No, whilſt there's Aſps, and Knives, and burning Coals;
No *Roman* Dame's Example ſhall outgo
My love.

Pal. Oh! my *Lucaſia*, thou haſt touch'd my Soul!
Barely but to imagine thou muſt die,
Will make me reſtleſs in my ſilent Grave.
Is not my Death ſufficient, barbarous Man?
But muſt *Lucaſia*'s woe be added too?
Dry up thoſe Tears my Wife, my lovely Bride,
Or thou wilt make me truly miſerable.
Preſerve thy Life, that *I* may after Death,
In thee my better part ſurvive.
For thee and for my Friend my only Prayers ſhall be,
If you both live, *Palante* dies with pleaſure.

Gra. Away with 'em, and let the Law decide it.

Luc. *I* too alike am Guilty;
Oh let me ſhare the puniſhment with them,
Thou ſhalt not go alone, take me with thee;
Here are my willing hands, quick bind 'em faſt, [*Runs and*
Elſe here I'll hold 'till my laſt breath expires. [*claſps* Palante.

Gra. Ungracious Viper, let go the Traytor.

Luc. What to dye? Oh, never!

Pal. Had *I* a hundred lives, the venture had
Been ſmall for ſuch a Prize.

A Face not half ſo fair as thine has arm'd
Whole Nations in the Field for Battel ripe:
And brought a thouſand Sail to *Tenedos*,
To ſack lamented *Troy*, and ſhou'd *I* fear
To hazard one poor life for thee, my fair?
A life that had been loſt, without thy love,
For thou'rt both Life and Soul to thy *Palante*.
Luc. I'll claſp him like the laſt remains of life, [*Holds him.*
And ſtruggle ſtill with never dying love
Gra. Then thus I daſh thee from him, thou ſtranger
[*Puſhes her, and falls down.*
To my blood, there lye and grovel on the Earth, and thank the
Powers I do not kill thee; away to Juſtice with the Traytors.
Pal. If there be a torment beyond this ſight,
Then lead me to it, that I may taſte all
The variety of miſery, and
Grow compleatly wretched.
Oh, Inhumane cruelty!
Slaves give me way, that ſwift as Lightning,
I may daſh him dead that wrong'd *Lucaſia*.
You ſpiteful Powers ſhow'r all your Curſes down,
Augment the weight, and ſink me all at once.
Gra. Away with the Traytor.
Pal. Oh! Let me firſt embrace my Love, my Wife.
Gra. By Hell, he ſhall not.
Pal. So when a Ship by adverſe Winds is toſt,
And all the hopes to gain the Port is loſt,
The trembling Mariners to Heaven cry,
And all in vain, for no relief is nigh.
Around fierce terrors ſtrike their aking ſight;
So I when ſhut from that all charming light,
Like them muſt plunge in everlaſting night. [*Ex. Forc'd off.*
Gra. I'll to the Governour, and urge my injur'd Suit. *Roſco*
and *Irus*, Guard that wretched Woman; take care that ſhe
neither ſends nor receives a Meſſage. [*Ex. Roſ.*

Roſco. Yes, my Lord.

Eug. My very Heart bleeds to ſee two ſuch faithful Lovers parted; methinks my Lord's too cruel in this action.

Roſ. Ay, ay, Friend: but we are to Obey, not to diſpute his Will.

Eug. I can ſcarce forbear revealing my ſelf, but I will reſerve it for a fitter Hour; her grief's ſo great, I fear it has depriv'd her of her Senſes; look up, Madam.

Luc. Where's my *Palante*, gone to death? Oh Heav'n! When ſhall I be mad indeed? what are you,
Officers of Juſtice? I'm ready, Sir.

Eug. No, Madam, I am one my Lord your Father left to attend you.

Luc. Attend me! alas, I need no Attendance.

Eug. Do not reject my ſervice.

Luc. All ſervice comes too late to miſerable me;
My Fortune's deſperate grown.

Eug. Believe me, Madam, I have a feeling Woe;
A greater your own Brother could not have:
Think not I'm ſubborn'd to do you wrong,
By all the Powers I'm your truſty Friend,
Command me any thing, and try my Faith.

Roſco. This is a rare ſpoken Fellow; I can't put in a word.

Luc. Oh! 'tis moſt prodigious;
Cou'd I loſe pity in a Father's Breaſt,
And find it in a Stranger's? I ſhall not
Live to thank you, Sir, but my beſt Prayers go
With you.

Eug. 'Tis not for Thanks, nor for Reward I look,
But the ſacred Love I bear to Virtue,
makes me offer this.

Luc. Surely this poor Man is nobly bred, howe're
His Habit ſpeaks him. [*Aſide.*

All

All Phyſick comes too late to my ſick Mind,
Since there's no hopes of my *Palante*'s Life.

Eug. Unleſs the Governour will pleaſe to pardon him; 'twas good that he were mov'd.

Roſco. Be not ſo forward, Friend, I ſay; in my Conſcience this Fellow will betray *Eugenio* lives.

Eug. Peace, Fool.

Roſ. You are ſomething free, methinks.

Luc. Who ſhall dare to make that Supplication?
My Father and the Count of *Pirro* rules;
Yet I wou'd venture, if *I* knew which way.

Eug. So meritorious is the Act, that I wou'd ſtand the Teſt in giving you the liberty to ſue.

Roſco. How, Sir?

Eug. Peace, Muckworm, or my Sword ſhall ſtop thy Breath for ever.

Roſco. A deſperate Fellow this, *I* dare not contradict him.

Luc. A thouſand Bleſſings on you for your care.
Yes, I will go, grant it ye Powers above;
If you had e're regard to injur'd Love:
Teach me ſuch words as may his pity move;
Let it pierce deep into his ſtony Heart,
In all my Sufferings make him feel a part.
Oh make him feel the pangs of ſharp Deſpair,
That he may know what wretched Lovers bear:
My Sighs and Tears ſhall with Intreaties joyn,
That he would ſave *Palante*'s Life, or ſentence mine:
But if relentleſs to My Prayers he be,
And he muſt fall, then welcome Deſtiny.
Fate does our Lives ſo cloſe together twine,
Who cuts the Thread of his, unravels mine. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

SCENE, *the Governour's House.*

Enter the Governour *and Count* Pirro.

Gov. Welcome, my dearest Nephew, you are grown a Stranger to the Court of late, tho' you know my aged Sight receives no joy without you; but I can forgive you since Love is the Cause: I hear you have the Lord *Gravello's* Consent to marry the fair *Lucasia.*

Pirro. I had, my Lord, but am unjustly robb'd
Of that fair Prize you mention; my promis'd Bride is stol'n by *Palante*, Lord *Euphenes's* Foster- Son, a Man far unworthy of *Lucasia's* Love; her Father's with Officers are gone to apprehend 'em ——
And bring 'em here before you to receive their doom: Oh, Uncle, if ever you had a kindness for me; if the being ally'd to you by Blood, or ought *I* have done, or can hereafter do, let me intreat you to give the Law its utmost Course: Young *Clarimont* too assisted in the Rape.

Gov. Fear not, Nephew, the Law shall have its Course, and they shall surely die.

Enter Euphenes *and Count* Gravello *at several Doors.*

Euph. My Lord, the Governour, *I* am come begging to you, for *Palante* my Foster-Son, whom, Childless, I adopted for my own; for him *I* plead.

Gov. What is his Offence?

Euph. No heinous Crime, my Lord, no treasonable Plot against your Person or the State, for then these aged Cheeks wou'd blush to ask Pardon.

No

No crying Murther ſtains his Hands, his Fault is only Love: Unfortunately he has married the Daughter and Heireſs to that proud Lord that follows, and ſeeks the laſt extremity.

Gra. I ſeek no more than what the Law will give; *I* am abus'd, my Lord, my Daughter is ſtoll'n, the only Comfort of my Age: Juſtice, my Lord, 'tis Juſtice that I ask.

Pir. To his juſt ſuit *I* bend my knees — be not biaſs'd by ought but Juſtice.—

Euph. Thou ſpeakeſt like an Enemy, call it Revenge — not Juſtice —— My Lord.——

Gov. I'll hear no more, be ſilent; if the Law will ſave him, he ſhall live, if not, he dies; yes, my Lord, you ſhall have Juſtice. —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Gravello's *Houſe.*

Enter Larich, Franciſco, *and* Lavinia.

Larich. Body, oh me! here's mad work abroad, my Niece is ſtol'n: I'm reſolv'd to make ſure of you; the Prieſt ſhall joyn you inſtantly.

Fran. Haſte, Sir, to conſummate our Joy:
I'll call the Muſes from their ſacred Hill,
To emulate your Daughter's Beauty;
And I'll, my ſelf, in lofty Numbers ſing my own Epithalamium.

Larich. Firſt, I'll puniſh that Impoſter—— Here, bring in the Priſoner.

Lavin. Oh! I fear we are undone, *Franciſco.*

Fran. Pray, Father, delay not my exorbitant Deſires.

Larich. But for a Moment, learn'd Son,
And thy exorbitant Deſires ſhall be ſatisfi'd.

Enter

San. Fackings *Triſtram*, he's woundy out of humour, I have fob'd him now faith, he, he, he.

Larich. Sir, I deſire your Scholaſtick breeding wou'd quit my temporal habitation to *Franſciſco*, leaſt I commit you to a cloſer place, and thank this Gentleman for your liberty, 'tis becauſe he has ſome ſmall acquaintance with you, that I don't proceed in a rougher manner.

Fran. I am defenceleſs now, but I ſhall find a time. (*exit.*

Larich. To be hang'd I hope, come Mrs. I ſuppoſe you had a hand in this wiſe Plot, I'll prevent your Stratagems, I'll nooſe and fetter you in the Chains of Wedlock, then if you Plot, let *Sancho* look to't.

For when they are wedd the Father's care is done.

Triſt. And the poor doting Husband's juſt begun.

The end of the Third Act.

ACT. IV.

SCENE the Governour's House. The Governour in a Chair reading.

Gov. I Have been searching over all our *Sicilian* Laws, and know they cannot find one clause to save *Palante.* (*Enter a Servant.*

Serv. A Lady without, my Lord will not be denied your Presence.

Gov. Admit her.

Enter Lucasia.

Luc. Pardon me, Sir, for pressing thus rudely On your privacy, I know 'tis boldness. But I hope the hour's propitious to me, Finding you alone, and free from business, I promise my self I shall be heard with patience.

Gov. Were the business of the world at stake, such Beauty would claim a hearing, Speak Madam.

Luc. Thus

Luc. Thus Low I beg for poor *Palante's* Life.
Gov. Ha!
Luc. Oh, Sir.
If ever pitty touch'd your Gen'rous breast.
If ever Virgins Tears had power to move,
Or if you ever lov'd and felt the pangs
That other Lovers do, pity Great, Sir,
Pity and Pardon two unhappy Lovers,
Gov. Your life is not in queſtion, Madam,
Luc. If *Palante* dies, I cannot live, for we
Have but one heart, and can have but one fate.
Gov. What I can do, I will to ſave him, but Law muſt have its courſe, riſe Madam.
Luc. Never till——
The gracious word of pardon raiſes me,
There's pitty in your Eye, oh! ſhew it, Sir!
And ſay that he ſhall live, 'tis but a word,
But oh, as welcome as the breath of Life,
Why will you part two hearts that Heav'n has joyn'd?
He is my Husband, Sir, and I his wedded Wife.
Gov. That can plead no excuſe, for 'tis your Crime, but if I shou'd incline to pitty you, what wou'd you return? what wou'd you do to purchaſe the life of him you hold ſo dear?
Luc. You cannot think the thing I wou'd not do.
Speak, Sir, and lay it but in my power,
And even beyond my power, I will attempt.
Gov. You wou'd be thankful then ſhou'd I pardon him?
Luc. If I were ever thankful unto Heav'n
For all that I call mine, my health and being.
Cou'd I then be unthankful unto you,
For a gift I value more than thoſe?
Without which all other bleſſings will be taſteleſs.

Gov. Thoſe

Gov. Thoſe that are thankful ſtudy to requite, wou'd you do ſo?

Luc. As far as I am capable I will,
Tho' I can ne're make ample ſatisfaction,
All my Services to you are Duty,
But to thoſe Pow'rs above that can requite
That from their waſtleſs Treaſure daily heap
Rewards more out of Grace than Merit on
Us Mortals;
To thoſe I'll pray that they wou'd give you, Sir,
More Bleſſings, than I have skill to ask.

Gov. There riſes one way and but one to ſave him.

Luc. Oh! name it Sir, that ——————
Swift as the Arrow from the Archers hand
My trembling Feet may fly to ſave him,
Oh! you have rais'd me from the gulph of Grief
To that bleſt comfortable Region, Hope,
My Sences all dance in the cirque of Joy.
My raviſh't Heart leaps up to hear your Words.
And ſeems as 'twou'd come forth to thank you.
Say, how, how ſhall I ſave him?

Gov. Marry my Nephew *Pirro* and *Palante* lives.

Luc. Oh! unexpected turn of rigid Fate,
Cruel, Sir, far more cruel than my Father.
Why did you raiſe me to a height of Joy?
To ſink me in a moment down again,
In what at a ſad Delemma ſtands my Choice,
Either to Wed the Man my Soul moſt loaths,
Or ſee him die for whom alone I live,
To break my ſacred Vows to Heav'n and him,
To ſave a Life which he would ſcorn to take
On terms like thoſe, name any thing but that,
You are more juſt than to enforce my Will,
Why ſhould I marry one I cannot Love,

And

And sure I am I cannot Love Count *Pirro*,
Love him! no, I shou'd detest and loath him
The cause that made him mine, wou'd hourly add
Fresh matter for my hate.

Gov. You have your choice, I swear by Heaven never to pardon him, but upon these conditions.

Luc. Oh! I am miserable.

Gov. 'Tis your own fault, come consider Madam, *Palante* will thank you for his Life, and if you let him die, you are the Tyrant.

Luc. I shou'd be such if I should save him thus,
Since you have swore not to save him upon
Other terms, I'll shew a duteous cruelty
And rather follow him in Death than so
To buy his Life, no, I despise the price.
Why do I breath my Woes, or beg for mercy here;
Or hope to find plain Honesty in Courts?
No, their Ears are always stop'd against Justice,
Avarice and Pride supplies the place of Pity.
So may just Heav'n when you for mercy sue,
As you have pitied me so pardon you. (*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE *Count* Gravello's-*House.*

Enter Larich, Lavinia, Sancho *and* Tristam.

San. Is the Priest ready *Tristram*?

Tris. Yes, yes, Sir, a Preist and a Lawyer are always in readiness, their Tongues are the chief Instrument belongs to their

their Trade, with which they commonly do more miſchief than all the Chyrurgeons in the Kingdom can heal, he waits in the next Room, Sir, if you can get the Lady in the mind.

Larich. You are witty Sirrah, but no more of your jeſts, do ye hear, leaſt I make you experience, there's ſomething elſe can do miſchief beſides their Tongues, come Miſtreſs what you are in the dumps now, are you? dry up your Eyes and go about it cheerfully, or I'll turn you out of doors, I aſſure you.

Lavin. Good, Sir, conſider.

Larich. Conſider! no I won't conſider, nor ſhall you conſider upon ought but what I'de have you.

Lavin. Sir, do you perſwade him (to *Sancho*), think how unhappy I ſhall make you.

San. Make me happy firſt, and then I'll do any thing you'd have me.

Triſ. The wiſeſt bargain I ever heard my Maſter make.

Lavin. What wou'd you do, Sir, with me that cannot love you? Alas I was engaged long before I ſaw you, you may be happier far elſewhere, go court ſome Nymph whoſe Heart's intirely free, ſuch only can be worthy of your love.

San. For my part I don't know what to ſay.

Larich. Zdeath she'll perſwade him by and by to quit his pretences to her,——come, come, come Miſtreſs no more of your Cant. (*Pulls her by the Arm.*) It ſhall avail you nothing I'll promiſe you.

Lavin. Good, Sir, hold a little, *Don Sancho* ſeems diſpoſed to hear Reaſon.

San. Why ay truly, for my part methinks it is a pitty to vex the Lady ſo.

Lavin. Beſides, Sir, 'tis for his ſake I do it, to make him eaſie and to prevent his eternal ſhame and torture.

San. Poor Fool, how hard it is, ay, ay, I know 'tis for my ſake, pray, Sir, hear her——pray do for my ſake as she ſays.

Larich.

Larich. Pooh Fool.

Sancho. Shall she say more for my sake, than you'll hear Father that is to be.

Larich. Well huzzy, consider what you say, for if it ben't to the purpose, as I'm sure it won't—— look to't?

Lavin. Before your hasty rashness betrays me to eternal woe, revoke your harsh commands.

Larich. Ay, I knew that would follow, and this is all you have to say Mistress, ha? come, come woe, I'll woo you.

Lavin. Something I have to speak, but know not in what words to dress my thoughts fit for me to speak, or you to hear, oh spare the poor remains of my already too much violated Modesty,— Heav'n can I do this, but there is no other way. (*aside.*

Larich. How? how? how's that? Modesty! why what a duce is the matter with your Modesty, ha?

Lavin. Oh! Sir, force me not to wrong a Man whose Father I have so often heard you say, you lov'd, think what sure disgrace will follow, how will it reflect upon your Name and Family, when I shall be found no Virgin.

Larich. Ha! no Virgin? take heed Minnion that you stain not the Honour of my House, for if you do, I swear by the best Blood in *Sicily*, my Sword shall do me Justice.

Lavin. Now help me courage, and forgive me Heaven my resolutions, Death or my *Francisco.* (*aside.*

I throw my self beneath your feet, thus prostrate beg for mercy, that I have deserved Death my guilty blushes own, the mighty secret hangs upon my tongue, but shame refuses utterance to my words.

Larich. I'm all of a cold Sweat, Heav'ns! how I dread the end of her discourse.

Sancho. Pray Father let her rise, or I shall weep too.

Trif. Nay, I'll say that for my Master, he's as tractable as a Monkey, and generally does what he sees other people do. *(aside.*

Lavin. Oh! let it still remain unknown, and rather banish me, confine me to some horrid Desart, there to live on Roots and withered Grass, and with the falling Dew, still quench my thirst, and lastly to some savage Monster be a Prey, e're I divulge my shame,

San. I can hold no longer. *(Cries aloud.*

Larich. On, for I'll hear it all, tho thou shalt live no longer than thou hast told thy tale.

Lavin. Sure ne're before was Maid thus wretched, Oh *Francisco*! I gave thee here the greatest proof of Love that ever Woman gave—— if it must out, then with it take my life, but Oh! spare the innocent Babe.

Larich. Ha! the Babe?

Lavin. Oh! I am with Child.

Larich. Then die both, and both be damn'd. *(Offers to stab her, but is prevented by* Sancho *and* Tristram.

Sancho. Oh, Lord, Sir, for Heav'ns sake, Sir, are you mad, help *Tristram.*

Larich. Zdeath a Whore! Oh thou scandal of my Blood.

San. Egad I'm resolv'd to own the Child, and Bully this old fellow a little now——a Whore, Sir! who dares call my Wife a Whore? the Child is mine, Sir, let me see who has any thing to say to't.

Larich. Away don't trifle with me, I shall not give you credit.

San. What care I whether you do or no, I say again the Child is mine, Madam, dry your Eyes, I like you ne're the worse, and the World will like me the better for't, will bring into reputation.

Lavin.

Lavin. Oh Heavens! what will come on me now, Oh! fly me, Sir, as you wou'd shun Contagion, cou'd you receive into your Arms a wretch polluted by another.

San. Fish, shaw, pish, shaw, 'tis the least thing in a thousand, thou saidst thou didst it for my sake just now, and sure I shou'd return the kindness, Ingratitude is worse than the Sin of Witchcraft.

Larich. Oh! the audacious Strumpet give me way, that I may punish the offence as it deserves. (*Francisco within.*

Fran. Slaves give me way, he dies that barrs my entrance.

Lavin. Ha! 'tis my *Francisco*'s Voice. Oh! blest Minute.

Larich. Ha! what noise is that? (*Help, Murder cry'd within.*

San. How Murder within and Murder without too, this is a barbarous House, I wish I was safe out on't. *Tristram* stand by thy Master.

Tris. Oh, Sir, I had rather run with you, for I hate Murther in cool Blood.

Enter Francisco *with his Sword drawn.*

Larich. Help within there, Murther, you wont Murther me Sirrah, ha! (*Enter 3 or 4 Servants.*) run for the Corrigidore, I shall be Murther'd in my own House.

Fran. No, Sir, this Sword can never hurt the Father of *Lavinia*, nor will my arm guide it to any act unjust, nor is it drawn for ought but to defend my Wife.

Larich. Impudent Rascal, can'st thou look me in the face, and know how thou has injur'd me, thou hast dishonour'd my Daughter.

Lavi. Sir, I say no Man has dishonour'd her but my self, and I wonder you shou'd tax this honest Gentleman with it.

Fran. Ha, Villain! re-call what you have ſaid, or by Heaven 'tis thy laſt, 'tis ſafer playing with a Lyon, than with *Lavinia*'s Fame. (*Holding his Sword at his teeth.*

Sanc. Lavinia's Fame, what Fame, what makes you ſo Cholerick, I thought I ſhou'd do the Lady a kindneſs in it.

Triſt. Many a Man wou'd have been glad to have got rid of it ſo.

Lavin. Humour my Father in what he ſays, for 'twas my laſt Stratagem to defer my Marriage (*aſide to* Franciſco.

Larich. Lavinia's Fame! No Monſter, thou haſt rob'd, rob'd her of her Fame.

Fran. The wrong my Love has done your fair Daughter, 'tis now two late to wiſh undone again, but if you pleaſe it may be clos'd up yet without diſhonour, I will Marry her.

Larich. Marry her! ſhe'll have a mighty bargain of that, Marry a Beggar, what Joynture can'ſt thou make her?

Fran. I am poor, I muſt confeſs in regard of your large Wealth, but I ſwear by all things that can bind, 'twas not your Wealth, was the foundation of true built Love, it was her ſingle uncompounded ſelf, her ſelf without addition that I lov'd, which ſhall ever in my heart out-weigh all other Women's Fortunes with themſelves, and were I great, great as I cou'd wiſh my ſelf for her advancement, no ſuch barr as fortunes inequality ſhou'd ſtand betwixt our Loves.

Larich. Say you ſo, Sir, why then take her——there hang, drown'd or ſtave together, I care not which, but never come within my doors more. (*Throws her to him.*

(*Exit* Larich.

San. Hy

Sanc. Hy day, what have I loſt my Miſtreſs then, why what muſt I ſay to my Father, *Triſtram*, who'll run ſtark mad without hopes of a Grandſon.

Triſt. Oh, Sir, if this Gentleman had not put in his claim, here had been one ready to his hands.

Sanc. Ah pox on't, 'tis dam'd unlucky, but come let's to the Tavern and drink away Sorrow. (*Exeunt.*

Fran. Come my fair *Lavinia*, and find a Father in thy Husbands arms, oh thou charming Excellence, thou ſomething better ſure than ever Woman was, the machleſs proof that thou haſt given of thy Love ſhall be recorded to Poſterity.——

Lavin. It is a matchleſs one indeed and I ſtrugled long er'e I cou'd bring my ſelf to own a deed ſo diſtant from my heart, but it has ſerv'd my purpoſe, and I glory in it now, but my Fathers laſt words methinks chills my blood, how ſhall you like the yoak without lineing think you had

Fran. Don't wrong my love *Lavinia*, or think that I can want any thing when poſſeſt of thee,

Love ſhall make up what Fortune does deny,
And love alone ſhall all our wants ſupply. (Exeunt.

The

The SCENE *changes to the Street,* *Count* Pirro *and Lord* Gravillo.

Grav. Now my Lord she's your's again, *Palante* dies.

Count Pir. So noble were the carriage of the youths that I could almoſt pitty their hard Sentence

Grav. I admire *Palante*'s conſtancy, he ſeem'd regardleſs when the Jury pronounc'd his Sentence, as if he feared not death, but when his friends came on, I obſerv'd the Tears to fall.

C. Pirro. He begg'd very hard to ſave his Friend.

Grav. And his Friend as eagerly to die with him, truly I think *Clermont*'s crime did not deſerve death, but our *Sicilian* Laws dooms all to death that have but the leaſt hand in ſtealing of an Heireſs, but ſee the Lord *Euphenes*, he ſticked hard to ſave his Foſter Son, let's avoid him, for I know he'll raile. (*Exit.*

Enter Lord Euphenes.

Euph. Unhappy poor *Palante*, the Law has caſt thee in ſpight of all that I cou'd do to ſave thee, I'de give my whole Eſtate to reſcue thee from Death: In thee me thought my loſt *Liſander* liv'd, and in looſing thee I'm childleſs now indeed. I lov'd thee like my own Son, I reſcu'd the from Pyrates, by which my child was loſt.

Enter

Enter Alphonſo.

Alphon. Thus once again from twenty years Exile.
(Toſt by the ſtorms of fortune to and fro)
Has gracious Heav'n given me leave to tread
My native earth of *Sicily*, and draw
That air that fed me in my Infancy.

Euph. Ha! either my eyes deceive me or 'tis my good old friend *Alphonſo*.

Alph. My Lord *Euphenes*?

Euphen. *Alphonſo*, wellcome to *Sicily*, I thought thee dead with my unhappy Son, or what was worſe in Slavery, where, no Intelligence cou'd find thee, for I have us'd my utmoſt diligence.

Alph. In part you have gueſs'd aright, for I have been twenty teadious years in gauling Slavery, for when the *Argives* ſurprized the Fort, they hurried me on board, and becauſe I made a brave reſiſtance, they ne're wou'd give me leave to offer at my Ranſome, ſo violent was their hate, but now worn-out with age, unfiting for their labour, they turn'd me home, an uſeleſs drone, your Son they put on Board another Ship, and by ſome I heard it rumord, he being wondrous fair, that they deſign'd to breed him for the Sultan's uſe, but ſome years after I heard he was retaken on this Coaſt.

Euph. Ha!

Alph. I conceal'd his name, leaſt the many Conqueſts you have gain'd againſt them ſhou'd have wing'd their revenge, and made 'em kill the lovely Child, I call'd him *Palante*, have you ever heard of ſuch a one?

Euph. Oh

Euph. Oh all ye immortal Powers, the very ſame, I took, and is *Palante* then *Lyſander*, and have I found thee once to looſe thee ever?

Alph. Ha! what means all this?

Euph. 'Twas nature then that work'd my Soul, and I by inſtinct lov'd him. Oh my *Alphonſo*, this diſcovery comes too late, and inſtead of bringing Comfort to my age, thou haſt plung'd me down in deep diſpair.

Alph. Alas, my Lord, how have I err'd? pray explain your ſelf.

Euph. Oh *Alphonſo*! the youth thou ſpeak'ſt of I retook from *Argive* Pyrats, I bred him, and tho not ſencible who he was, I lov'd him tenderly: he is this very day condemn'd for ſtealing of an Heireſs, now judge if my grief falls not with weight upon me.

Alph. Unfortunate miſchance, is there no way to ſave him?

Euph. None I fear, but yet I'll try all means, if my long ſervice to my Country, my Winter Camps, and ſummer heats, and all my ſtormy fate at Sea can plead, I will expand my deeds as *Rome*'s Conſuls did of old, make bare my breaſt, and ſhew my ſcar'd Boſome to move and raiſe their Pitty.

I that ne're mention'd ought my arm has done,
Will now, urge all to ſave my darling Son. (Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE a PRISON.

Palante *and* Clerimont *come forward.*

Palan. OH! *Clerimont*, I Swear by my malignant Stars,
Death brings no Terrors with it but for thee;
The thoughts of thine, and that I have Involv'd
In my ſad Fate, my beſt and only Friend,
Sits heavy on my Soul, and gives me double Death:
My Father's Tears, whom now too late I know,
Pierce not my Breaſt with half this killing Grief,
This gnaws me worſe than my *Lucaſia*'s loſs;
And, like a *Vulture*, preys upon my Heart.
I was Rewarded, call'd *Lucaſia* mine:
For ſuch a Treaſure who wou'd refuſe to dye?
But thou art it Condemn'd for only aiding me.
I am the Cauſe of thy ſad Fate my Friend;
Hurri'd by me to an untimely Grave:
Thou fal'dſt for him thou ever haſt oblig'd.

Cler. No more *Palante* ———
Why doſt thou call me by the Name of Friend?
Yet think I cou'd deſcend from Friendſhips Rules:
For ſo I muſt ſhou'd I repine at Death,
Or fear to Suffer with ſo brave a Man.

To dye is nothing to a Man reſolv'd:
Why ſhou'd we wiſh to hold this mortal frame,
By Nature ſubject to ſuch various ills,
Which firſt or laſt brings certain death to all?
Were there no Hand, indeed, but human Laws
To Cut the Thread of our Mortality,
Then we'd cauſe for Grief; but when we reflect
We only leap th' Abiſs a little ſooner,
Where all Menkind muſt follow by degrees,
The apprehenſion moves not me.

Palante. Oh! Noble Conſtancy——
After Ages ſhall Record the Story,
And Rank thee with the braveſt *Roman* Youths;
And Melancholly Virgins when they Read,
In moving accents celebrate thy Name.

Cler. What baleful Planet Rul'd when thou wert Born,
That mark'd for thee this path of Sorrow out?
Oh! ye malicious Stars, when ye had ſtood
So long the rude buffets of blind Fortune,
And now juſt as the pleaſing Scene appear'd;
I'th' momlent when th'art found of Noble Birth,
And Wed to thy long wiſh'd for Bride *Lucaſia*,
Then to ſnatch thee hence, is twice to kill thee.
Oh! it is the mock'ry of ſpightful Fates,
When we with Labour reach the aim'd at Wiſh,
Straight this unſtable Fairy World removes,
We dye, or are daſh'd back again to what we were.

Enter

Enter Eugenio *and* Lucaſia.

Lucaſia. Faithful *Iras* how ſhall I reward thee?
Ha! ſee where ſtands *Polante* and his Friend!
Oh! lead me *Irus*, qnickly, lead me back,
Elſe I ſhall grow a Statue at this ſight:
Not all the frightful noiſe of Chains we've paſt,
And Meagre Looks of Wretches in Diſpair,
Are half ſo terrible as this.

Palante. My *Lucaſia!*
Art thou come to take thy laſt adieu, and
Bleſs my Eyes before they cloſe for ever?

Luc. Oh! *Palante!*

Pal. What! no more? Give thy labouring Sorrows vent,
That like Convulſions heaves thy Snowy Breaſts,
And ſtruggles for a paſſage to thy Tongue.

Luc. Oh! I had dy'd ere ſeen this fatal Hour;
But this good Man perſu'd with Care my ſteps,
And ſtopt my Hand, which elſe had giv'n the blow,
When firſt I heard the ſad and dreadful News,
That thou, *Palante*, wer't Condemn'd to Dye.

Eug. Still all I ask is, that you woud have patience;
I'll to Court where Lord *Euphenes* is,
Now begging for his Son, in hope to bring you happineſs.
[*Exit Eug.*

Luc. Fly *Irus*, fly, and bring us inſtant word.
Oh! my aking Brain is near diſtraction;
For much I fear there is no help for me.

Pal. Yet I rejoyce in this, I'm found of Noble Birth ——
That in ſucceeding Ages, when this Act,
With all its Circumſtances ſhall be told,
No blot may reſt upon thy Virgin Fame;
No cenſuring Tongue reflect upon thy Choice;
And ſay, thy Husband was a wretch unknown,
And quite unworthy of *Lucaſia's* Arms.

Luc. What Comfort's in this late diſcovery found?
Will the Greatneſs of thy Race protect thee?
Virtue and ev'ry Good was thine before;
Yet the Cruel Pow'rs are deaf to all my Prayers:
Nor will thy Merit plead with angry Heav'n,
To ward the ſtroak, and ſave thy precious Life.
Oh Greatneſs! thou vain and vap'riſh ſhew,
That, like a Miſt, dazzles the Eyes of Men,
And as the Foggs deſtroy the Body's Health,
That Poiſons deep, and Gangers in the Soul;
But ſeldom's found t'aſſiſt the Virtuous Man.
Thou wert ——
As dear to theſe deſiring Eyes before;
And honour'd full as much in this poor Heart.
Oh! I cou'd Curſe the ſeparating Cauſe,
And wiſh *Lucaſia* never had been Born.

Palan. Be calm, my Love, my everlaſting Dear,
Ceaſe to Lament, and give thy Spirits eaſe.
Oh! hear me Heav'n, and grant my laſt Requeſt;
May Health, long Life, and ev'ry Bliſs beſide,
Conduce to make *Lucaſia* happy ſtill.
Let nothing fall to interrupt her Joy,
But make it Laſting as you make it Great.
Grant this, and I to rigorous deſtiny
Submit with pleaſure.

Luca.

Luca. Long Life; no, rather wiſh me ſudden Death,
To rid me of my Cares, and that way give me eaſe.
Ha! I'm ſeiz'd with an unuſual terror, Fear
And Horrour ſwim in ſhades of Night around,
How ſad and dreadful are theſe Priſon Walls!
Thy Voice ſeems hollow too, and Face looks pale.
Oh! my *Palante*, my Heart——
Throbs, as if the Strings of Life were breaking.
[*A Bell Tolls within.*
Hark! hark! Oh! 'twas this that it foretold.
Ope' Earth, hide me in thy unfathom'd Womb,
To Drown the call of Fate——this diſmal Bell.

Cler. Madam——
Be patient, add not to his Miſery;
For whilſt he ſees you thus, his Soul's unfit
For ought but Earth; th' approach of Death is near,
A little time is neceſſary now,
To calm his Mind to ſuffer like a Man.

Luc. Oh! Heav'n help me. [*Faints.*

Pal. Oh! She's dying; do not thus rend my Soul with Grief.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Gentlemen, this Bell gives warning, that within Half an hour you muſt prepare to dye.

Palan. 'Tis very well, we ſhall be ready.
Canſt thou conduct this Lady to her Father's Houſe?

Luc. Stand off, and touch me not: No, I will ſtay with thee.
Do not puſh me from thee, my Dear *Palante*;
For I ſhall dye apace, and go before.

Officers.

Officers. The Officers all wait to Conduct ye to the Place of Execution.

Cler. We come now, Friend, when shall we meet again.

Pal. The bless'd Pow'rs can tell, in Heav'n sure.

Luc. Oh! all ye Maids that now are crown'd above;
Did any feel, like me, the Wracks of Love?
By Tempests torn from my dear Husband's Side,
And made a Widdow, when I'm scarce a Bride.

SCENE the Governour's House.

Enter Governour and Count Virro, *and Lord* Granvelle.

Gover. This is strange *Palante* should be found
The Lord *Euphenes* Son; but fear not Nephew, the Law has
Pass'd and he shall suffer.

Virro. I urge it still, my Lord, she was my promised Wife;
Her Father so design'd her, had he then been known
Euphenes Son. I urge that, speak my good Father.

Granv. My Lord, I had; yet let me own, I rather wish the unknown *Palante*, had suffer'd for my Daughter, than the Son of one, who tho' my Foe, I must acknowledge Great and Brave.

Gover. So wou'd I, my Lord, but there's no Fence for Accidents; I do expect to be beset with Prayers and Tears, but all in vain; see where he comes.

Enter

Enter Euphanes *and* Alphonso.

Euph. Behold! Lord Gover. my aged Knees, are bent to thee,
'Tis in thy Power to wreſt this heavy Judgment of the Law;
Suſpend it at leaſt, till the King ſhall hear the Cauſe,
And ſave my Son.

Gover. Riſe *Euphenes*, your Speech carries a double Meaning, you Pray and Threaten with the ſame Breath, we are not to be frighted Lord; the Laws of *Sicily* have had their Courſe, your Son falls by them.

Euph. Oh! miſtake me not, I am as Humble as your Pride can wiſh me; but give me leave to ſpeak tho': 'Tis my hard Fortune to offend; let me the anguiſh of my Soul deliver to that injurious Lord, the Father of *Liſander*'s, or by the more known Name, *Palante*'s Wife; Hard-harted Man! had'ſt thou no other Way to wreke thy Caneard and long ſoſter'd Hate upon my Head, but this? Thus cruelly, by my Son's Suffering, and for ſuch a Fault as thou ſhou'dſt Love him, rather? Is thy Daughter injur'd by this Marriage? Is his Blood baſe? Or can his now riſing Fortunes know an Ebb? This Law was made to reſtrain the Vile from wronging noble Perſons, by Attempts of ſuch a kind; but where Equality meets in the Match, the e is no Crime; or if there is, forgive his Youth, and have pity on him.

Gov. Euphenes, you wrong your Virtue when you'd ſave a Criminal; the Law condemns, tho' the righteous Judgment falls upon your Son, and your Appeal ſhall come too late.

Euph.

Euph. Then you have ſet a Period to a Loyal Houſe and Family, that have been Props of the *Sicilian* Crown, and with their Blood in Wars, won many an honour'd Field.
I can ſpend no more in Tears, I'll ſpend the ſad Remnant of my childleſs Age, and only wiſh to reſt i'th' Grave together.

Alph. Hear me thou Governour, not kneeling, but erect as old Age and Slavery has left me: This noble *Sicilian* Youth was loſt in defending *Sicily* from the fam'd Fortreſs, which beat back a Thouſand Times, invading Foes, and ſunk 'em in the working Seas, from thence the Child was ta'n, and muſt he 'ſcape the hazzards of the rowling Waves, Rocks, Tempeſts, Pirates, and ignominious Fate, to periſh in his Native Iſle: Oh! barbarous Uſage, ſtop yet at leaſt his Judgment, and let this poor old Man ſee once again, his dear *Palante*; for that I'll bow my ſtubborn Knees, and ask the Bleſſings as I importune Heaven.

Euph. Oh! my Lord, let my unhappy Son appear before ye, e'er the cruel Sentance comes to Execution.

Gran. If you deny them this, it may be ill repreſented to the King.

Virro. I fear, my Lord, you are Staggering.

Gov. Nephew, be ſilent, and be ſafe; they ſhall have their Will, but to no purpoſe, only a Moments ſhort delay; for I have ſworn, and he ſhall dye —— Guard, bring here the Priſoner.

Euph. I thank the Governour.

Gov. Oh ſpare thy Thanks, till thou haſt real Cauſe; the Law, the Statutes plain, and he muſt die for't, there is no Remedy.

Enter

Enter, brought in by the Guards, Palante, Clerimont, Lucasia *and* Eugenio.

Euph. Oh! Son!

Alph. Palante!

Pal. Pardon me, Sirs, I have too much of Tenderneſs upon my Soul already, too many Clogs that drags it downwards; oh! forgive me, if I beg ye wou'd not add more Weight to Death.

Gra. Madam, 'twere more becoming to your Quality and Modeſty, to be at Home; thou do'ſt but ill Rerurn thy Father's Care.

Luc. I have no Father, nor ever had that I remember, but born and deſtin'd for an out-caſt Wretch, and Curs'd to Ruine a moſt Noble Husband: Oh! he was the Pride of the *Sicilian* Youths, and Glory of the World; but he is dead or doom'd to die, and that's alike deſtracting.

Euph. Heav'n bleſs thee, thou Mirrour of thy Sex, that in the Sea of thy Tranſcendant Vertues, drown'ſt all thy Father's Malice, and in my Thought, redeem'ſt more than thy Race can looſe.

Gover. Lord *Euphenes*, what end had you in this, in bringing here the Criminals.

Euph. To move your Mercy, was my End; but Wolves and Tigers know not what pity means.

Gover. Forbear reproach, and hear me; I'll ſtand it to the King, and all the World, here is an Heireſs ſtole, the worſt of Robberies; he is Condemn'd by the Law, he fell to the Judgment of the Law; I ſurrender him. Guards carry on the Pris'ners.

Luca. Oh! cruel Sentence! hear me, *Sir.*

Gover. Away with 'em.

Eug. Stay yet a little thou moſt Imperious Governour; for I will be heard.

Gov. Thou! What art thou?

Eug. My name is *Irus*; Lord *Pirro* knows me.

Pirro. Ha!

Eug. Thou Trembleſt Lord, hear, you that have Condemned theſe Noble Friends, and hunt their Lives for a meer trifle: Sentence to death a Man for Loving and being beloved; hear, a black deed will ſtart your Souls with horrour, and make you own the Crime before ye nothing.

Gov. What means the Fellow!

Eug. Nay, 'tis not a Frown can ſtop me, nor will my Tale be long; know then, this Lord gave out his Son *Eugenio* dy'd at *Rome*, but he was well, and in this City.

Palm. How ſay'ſt thou?

Luc. Proceed, dear *Irus*.

Eug. Firſt ſtop Lord *Pirro*; for my Story will not pleaſe him: I ſay *Eugenio* lived; which when I diſcover'd to that trembling Lord, he brib'd me with a Thouſand Crowns to Poiſon him: Here's the Agreement under his own Hand, and here a Letter from *Eugenio* to his Father, which denotes that he was Poiſon'd, and Dying

Gra. Let me ſee it: Oh! 'tis his hand. Wretch that I am, is my diſſembled Grief turn'd to true Sorrow? Were my acted Tears but Propheſies of my enſuing Woe? And is he dead! Oh! Pardon me, dear Ghoſt of my *Eugenio*! 'twas my Crimes that call'd this haſty Vengeance from above, and ſhorten'd thus thy Life; for whilſt with fallacies, I ſought to faſten Wealth upon our Houſe, I brought a Cannibal to be the Grave of me and mine; Baſe, Bloody, Murthering Lord.

Pirro. Vile Cozener, Cheater and Diſſembler, now indeed we both are caught.

Euph. Oh! cruel Man! now ſee the juſtice of offended Heav'n, Thou who purſu'ſt the poor *Palmes*'s Life, with ſo much

much Violence, thou now muſt feel the weight of a Sons loſs.

Gov. This will prove a Trajedy indeed; away with the Priſoners, your Trial's next Lord *Pirro.*

Pirro. I do confeſs———

Eug. Hold, is there no means left to ſave them? Wou'd not you now Lord *Gravello*, give your Daughter freely to *Palante?*

Gra. More willingly than I wou'd live another Hour.

Euph. Oh! you are kind too late; had you been thus when need required, you'd ſav'd your ſelf and me, and both our hapleſs Sons.

Gover. Oh! Nephew, my Prompter ſtill in Cruelty, Now thou thy ſelf muſt feel the rigour of the Law.

Eug. Now ye behold the good from bad, which naught but this extremity had ſhewn; yet all be ſafe, *Eugenio* lives, and fair *Lucaſia* is no Heireſs now.

Omnes. How! lives!

Eug. Yes, lives to call thee Brother, worthy *Palante*, and thou, my dear *Lucaſia*, Siſter. [*Throws off his diſguiſe.*

Luc. Oh! *Irus*, *Eugenio*, *Palante*, where am I?

Palan. Oh! *Lucaſia*, *Clerimont*, my Friend, my Love, my Wife.

Eug. Pardon me ye moſt afflicted Sufferers,
That I thus long have kept my ſelf conceal'd,
My end was honeſt, to let my Father ſee
The Frailty, I will not call it by a harder name,
Of Count *Pirro*; the Son he coveted ſo eagerly,
To raiſe the Storms to their moſt dreadful height,
That Calms, and Peace might be more pleaſing.

Gra. I ſee it was *Eugenio*, and thou *Palante.*
Now, my Son, give me thy Hand, here take thy Wife,
And for the wrong that I intended thee, thy Portion ſhall be double.

Pal. Oh! I am over paid, *Lucasia* and my Friend secure,
This is the work of Heav'n, and oh ye gracious Powers I thank ye for it.

Cler. Joy rises from my Heart, and with unutterable Transports stops my Speech; thus once again let me embrace thee.

Euph. And has a Father nothing from the Son?

Alph. And old *Alphonso* too expects a Welcome.

Pal. Oh! take me Father, Brother, Friend, *Lucasia*,
There's the sum of all.

Luc. Sure such Hours as these gives us a taste of Immortality.

Gra. My Lord *Euphenes*, I hope all Enmity is now forgot betwixt our Houses.

Euph. Let it be ever so, I do embrace your Love.
But speak *Eugenio*, What hast thou to ask?
Whose timely care prevented our undoing.

Eug. My Lord, you have a Virtuous Neece, for whom I long have sigh'd, I beg your leave to own my Flame.

Euph. She's yours, I've often heard her praise *Eugenio*.
And all things else within my power command.
My Lord the Governour, you alone seem sad

Gov. I am not so at your good fortune; but that my Nephew whom I have found so base, urg'd me to such cruelty:
Be gone and hide thy ignominious Head, for I will never see thee more.

Pirro. No matter, I am free, and will enjoy my self in spight of all Mankind. [*Exit.*

Gov. However this my care shall do, I will solicit earnestly the King to mittigate this cruel Law, and make the Thefts of Love admit of Pardon.
Who have we here? they seem rejoycing too.

Enter

Enter Larich *Singing*, Franciſco, Lavinia, Sancho *and* Triſt.

Larich. Ha, hey, what every body injoy!
Good News Coz, *Palante* come off ſafe; my pretty Neece pleas'd here, and Son-in-law, *Franciſco*, juſt receiv'd a certain Information of an Uncle's Death, that has left him, let me ſee, let me ſee; ay, ay, enough to pleaſe me.

Sancho. Nay, nay, hold, every Body is not ſo well pleas'd neither; I am Melancholy, I came hither to ſee the Execution; but I ſee no Body has occaſion to be hanged, but my ſelf, for I have loſt my Miſtreſs; Faith, I have *Triſtram*. What Account ſhall I give to my Father of this Match?

Triſ. Fackins Maſter, I cannot tell.

Larich. Then, *Lavinia*, is a Pure Virgin ſtill, for all the Tricks ſhe play'd; Faith ſhe is: was it not a ſly one, ha Brother?

Gra. I know nothing of the Matter.

Lu. Couſin, I wiſh you Joy, as large a Share as I poſſeſs, and Fate it ſelf can give no more.

Lav. I am doubly Bleſs'd to ſee you Happy.

Fran. And I have nothing left to wiſh.

Palante. Come my *Lucaſia*, now we are Bleſs'd, let us retire, and give a looſe to Raptures yet unknown.

Virtue ſurvives thro' all the Turns of Fate,
Let not impatient Man think Mercy late;
For Heav'n do's ſtill the Juſteſt Side Regard,
And Vertuous Lovers, always meet Reward.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE, Spoke by Mr. *Dogget.*

YOU have seen what Schollar is in Cap and Gown,
Before his Breedings poliſh'd by this Town:
'Tis not enough, that he can Hebrew *ſpeak,*
Greek, Latin, Caldeack, *and* Arabick,
He may perform his Task in Church and School,
Ne'er drop a Word, that is not Grammar-Rule.
Run through the Arts; can each Degree commence,
Yet be a Freſhman ſtill, to Men of Sence.
Tho' the Learn'd Youth, can all the Sages Quote,
Has Homer, Heſiod, *and the reſt by roat;*
Yet what's all this to Picquet, Dreſs or Play?
Or to the Circle, on a Viſiting-Day?
A finiſh'd Beau; for ſuch fine things I have ſeen,
That heretofore, has of ſome Colledge been:
But that Deſpiſing, nothing now retains,
For Learning is a Thing requires Brains;
And that's a perqueſite the Gentleman diſdains.
The Great Dull Aſs, from breaking Head of Priſcian,
Hither he comes, and writes approv'd Phyſitian.
The Noiſe of Chariot brings the Patients in,
Grant them patience, that Phyſick for their Sin.
Well then ——
Since Learning's uſeleſs, I'll the Task deſie;
Practice, to Ogle, Flatter, Swear and Lye,
For that's the way the Ladies Hearts to gain,
Burn all my Books; my Studies are but vain:
To gain their Looks, each Shape and Dreſs I'll try;
Smile when they Smile, and when they Frown, I Dye.

10 JU 68

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